THE NATION

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Campus Report No. 3

TENSION BENEATH APATHY

The Myth of the Bland Generation

Paradox in Parenthesis

The Silent Faculty

War of the Generations

Heirs to Disillusion

The Teen-Age Ulcer

Mark Hopkins' Log

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LETTERS

Straightening the Record

Dear Sirs: Mr. Winthrop Parkhurst has pointed out that my recent acknowledgment of having at one time favored a policy of threats against Soviet Russia which might have led to war do not accord with a denial which I published in *The Nation* of October 17, 1953, wherein I stated that I had never advocated such a policy. Although it may seem incredible, I believed this statement to be entirely correct at the time when I made it. I had, in fact, completely forgotten that I had ever thought a policy of threat involving possible war desirable. In 1958, Mr. Alfred Kohlberg and Mr. Walter W. Marseille brought to my notice things which I had said in 1947, and I read these with amazement. I have no excuse to offer.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Wales

Auto Safety Law

Dear Sirs: I wish to call attention to some important omissions in the otherwise excellent article on auto safety by Mr. Nader in your April 11 issue. He makes no mention of the need for dual braking as a safeguard against hydraulic-brake failure. Thousands have died because of this. He also says nothing about the need for a Code of Safety Requirements that the auto makers should comply with. But I believe the most important omission is the need for a law making the weakening of the safety of an automobile a criminal offense.

A. EPSTEIN

Los Angeles, Calif.

Posting the Voters

Dear Sirs: The Voters' Information Act (S. 544, introduced by Senator Javits on January 20) provides that in each post office there shall be posted information on how to register and how to vote as well as the names and office addresses of the Senators and the Representatives for the area in which the post office is located.

A Gallup poll has found that only one voter in five throughout the country has ever written his servants in Congress. A recent poll in New York City revealed that 76 per cent of the voters do not know who their elected lawmakers are in nation, state and city.

The Voters' Information Act should greatly improve the above situation. However, if you were to assume that the act will have clear sailing in Congress, you would be mistaken. Postmaster General Summerfield has taken a stand against it. He has reported to the Senate and House Post Office and Civil Service Committees as follows:

1. In some areas of public opinion it would be felt that the suggested activity (sic) on the part of the Post Office Department would be in the nature of a partisan (sic) act.

2. The Post Office Department was established to transmit the mail and not as an instrument for influencing (sic) public opinion.

The distortion of this innocuous Act in Mr. Summerfield's eyes needs no comment. But since his viewpoint represents the Administration, all believers in small "d" democracy will have to go all out in support of this bill.

ROBERT P. CORT

Brooklyn, N. Y.

No Point in Suicide

Dear Sirs: Since 1945 I have been fighting a losing battle against the feeling that, as an inhabitant of the planet Earth in the mid-twentieth century, I am trapped in a lunatic asylum for homicidal maniacs where the inmates are running the place. The weekly arrival of *The Nation,* with its reminder that there are still a few sane people left who see no point in committing super-scientific suicide, has enabled me to avoid complete defeat so far.

R. RIDDLE

Denver, Colo.

'APT' and Employment

Dear Sirs: In your editorial of April 11 on "Slippage," you state that "APT" [Automatically Programed Tool] "is the father of 'slippage' and 'disemployment.'" This statement is not supported by any comparative facts. In the Socialist countries, they are pushing "APT" for all it is worth and as a consequence have ever-increasing intensity of employment.

No, mass unemployment is not a function of "APT," or automation, or any over-supply of goods and services. It is a normal, inevitable and perhaps necessary function of capitalism.

MORRISON SHARP

Chicago, Ill.

The Real Danger: Salt

Dear Sirs: I have had some amusement from reading the rabble-rousing articles by your writers in the April 25 issue [Walter Schneir, "Strontium-90 in U.S. Children"; Dan Wakefield, "Beachhead on 42nd Street"] concerning the dreadful dangers of strontium-90. Their case would have been more convincing if they had not found it necessary to admit that no one, absolutely no one, has more than the vaguest idea how dangerous traces of strontium-90 really are.

You do not waste your pages deploring the dread danger of too much salt to the health of humans, though it is terribly dangerous if taken in ex-

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1959
VOLUME 188, No. 20

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Then and Now

Some twenty years ago it was revealed that the Hollywood movie studios, to insure labor peace in their industry, had made substantial gifts to Willie Bioff and George Browne, eminent racketeers and officers of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees. The payments were made through a film distributor. When the transactions were brought to light (incidentally, through the efforts of Westbrook Pegler and the present Editor of *The Nation*), and it was disclosed that income-tax irregularities had occurred, one of the movie magnates was sent to jail. That the heads of the other studios were sternly upright men, unaware of the misdeeds of their colleague, was a theory not widely credited among those in the know. It was believed, rather, that the convicted producer was the "fall guy" for the industry. But, although the episode was front-page news for a time, it had, after all, occurred in the film business, a vaguely unsavory occupation.

The decades have rolled by, and in the latest of the McClellan committee's delvings we find a striking parallel between the events of the thirties and certain incidents of the late forties. Only now it is a part of the impeccable newspaper publishing community which did the bribing. As the *Daily News* puts it with its usual succinct elegance: "307G Paid to Union Bosses to Buy Press Peace Here." Again the payments were made through an intermediary, a large printing firm, Neo Gravure. The principal beneficiary was an extortionist named Harold Gross, who received $131,459.95. Whatever his faults, Gross is a man who is good to his relatives, for they received $128,376.95 more. But the greatest surprise (if you have been asleep for a good while) is where the bulk of the money came from. As of this writing, it came from the New York *Mirror*, the *Journal American*, the *American Weekly* and — *horribile dictu* — *The New York Times*. The *Times* representative, squirming in the Senate Rackets Committee dock (or if he didn't squirm, he should have) avowed the *Times* would not do the same today. But it does seem strange that, having done it, the *Times* has not been afflicted with the slightest stammer as it intones its lofty editorials on labor racketeering.

If the McClellan committee would subpoena the circulation managers of all the New York dailies, it might be rewarded with further revelations of the harmonious relations which can exist between honorable men and crooks, when profit calls the tune. But the point of the current incident, as of the earlier Bioff-Browne episode, will be missed by both the McClellan committee and the public, if sight is lost of the fact that racketeering invariably implies a relationship between the bribe-payer and the bribe-receiver.

In labor relations, pure extortion is rare; the familiar pattern is the bribe which is partly extorted, partly paid for services rendered. We suspect that the McClellan committee will find this familiar pattern in the newspaper business, as elsewhere.

Mr. Herter and the British

One of the principal duties of a foreign secretary is to maintain good relations with his country's allies. Vis-à-vis the British, the chances are that Secretary Herter will do better in this respect than his predecessor. Not that Mr. Dulles rode roughshod over these nearest and dearest comrades in NATO, but the agreements he concluded kept coming apart at the seams. They are still coming apart. Mr. Macmillan has embarked on a course which would scarcely have won Mr. Dulles' approval. The British Prime Minister obviously believes that agreements with the Russians can be reached, a theme against which Mr. Dulles instinctively rebelled. But then, Mr. Macmillan, and more so Mr. Gaitskell, who may be the next Prime Minister, must take account of active anti-war sentiment in Britain such as does not exist in the United States. Moreover, is it plausible that Sir Winston Churchill came to the United States solely for a last reunion with his old comrade in arms? Is it not more likely that he came to enlist President Eisenhower's support for Macmillan's policy, and thus to make an electoral victory for the Tories more likely? Peripheral to these political considerations, we hear anguished protest from British armament interests that the United States has seized a virtual monopoly in supplying weapons to Western Europe. The task of coping with these British dissatisfactions, and reconciling American, British, and NATO strategy generally, will come more easily to Mr. Herter, with his relative freedom from the rigid policies of the past. But he will need every resource he can lay his hands on.

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In Defense of Mr. Strauss

The Nation has on numerous occasions expressed editorial views regarding Rear Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, and its opinions have been uniformly unfavorable. We still feel that Mr. Strauss has a congenital aversion to the truth if it conflicts with his predilections, and that these inclinations of his are essentially retrogressive. He should never have been appointed to a sensitive post — we use the term in its pre-security-conscious meaning — like the chairmanship of the Atomic Energy Commission. In that position, we believe, he did great harm to the United States and to all humanity, and the end is not yet. Nevertheless, he should be confirmed as Secretary of Commerce. We said so when the President appointed him, and the bulk of what has emerged in the Senate confirmation hearings seems to us irrelevant.

Commerce is, of course, a big department which takes in many vital divisions, but most of these are run by career men whose activities are scarcely affected by the political appointee who momentarily sits in the Secretary's chair. The chief function of the Secretary is liaison with such bodies as the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. He is essentially the representative of big business in the Cabinet. For this responsibility, Mr. Strauss is sufficiently qualified both by disposition and experience. He may be secretive, obtuse and self-righteous, but no one has ever said he was not a capable investment banker. He can speak to audiences with or without a teleprompter, and as an administrator he is probably as good as his predecessor. Since he is an indefatigable public servant and has the President's confidence, he must be appointed to something; his ministrations in Commerce will give a measure of immunity to other departments for the balance of General Eisenhower's term. It can also be argued that the President has a right to have anyone in the Cabinet he desires, unless a clear and present disadvantage to the country can be demonstrated. We are pleased, therefore (although for different reasons) to join Dr. Teller in stumping for Mr. Strauss' confirmation. If this is a lenitive for Mr. Strauss' wounds, he is welcome to it.

A Timely Proposal

The press of the nation, reflecting a mood of national relief and satisfaction, has joined in editorial praise of the prompt action of the Organization of American States in saving the gimcrack regime of de la Guardia in Panama from the "invasion" of eighty nondescript raiders. The action was swift — the Rio Treaty of 1947 has teeth in it — and it was also unprecedented; this is the first time the O.A.S. has intervened to protect a member state from "private" raiders. But the danger to the Canal Zone does not stem from the fact that any particular Panamanian regime might be overthrown by force and violence. The real danger is rather to be found, as *The Nation* has pointed out before, in our straight-faced, unblinking insistence that the American position in the Canal Zone is utterly unlike the position the British once occupied in Suez. In a strictly *de jure* sense, the positions are, of course, unlike; and in any proceeding before the World Court we would win hands down. But measured against the circumstances under which we acquired rights in the Canal Zone — and these circumstances are well known and not subject to debate — our "paper" position is nevertheless vulnerable to political attack. In different ways, Presidents Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower have recognized that we could not safely place our entire reliance on contractual and treaty provisions. And since the nationalization of the Suez Canal, the political attacks have been stepped up.

Against this background, the recent proposal of Dr. Jose Figueres, former president of Costa Rica, deserves far more attention than it received. Let the United States, he said, transfer the Canal Zone to the Organization of American States. The headquarters of the O.A.S. would then be moved to the zone, which would be renamed "District of the Americas." Let a customs union be negotiated. And let the O.A.S. recognize that the military defense of the canal was the primary responsibility of the United States. In this way, the area would cease to be a weak point in the defense of the Western Hemisphere and become, instead, a symbol of Western Hemisphere strength and unity.

In Dr. Figueres' view, some such proposal would win fairly easy acceptance if it were advanced now; later on, acceptance might be more difficult. An election is scheduled in Panama for 1960 and the issue of the Canal Zone — more particularly, the division of revenues from its operations — has already provided splendid political fireworks to enliven the campaign. No doubt we have a strong legal position in the zone, but can it withstand the political hurricanes that are now blowing up in the Caribbean?

Publish or Perish

Trygve R. Tholfson, for five years an assistant professor of history at the University of California, Los Angeles, has been fired. Next fall, Mr. Tholfson will be an associate professor at the University of Louisiana, a rise in rank that, among other things, gives him tenure. So this is not an occasion to bewail the professor's misfortunes.

It may, however, be an occasion to commiserate with the students at UCLA. On hearing of the administration's action, senior students in the history department circulated a petition attesting to Mr. Tholfson's excellence as a teacher and urging the university to re-

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consider. His former bosses do not question Mr. Tholfson's professional skill, but he has not published much during his stay on the Pacific and must give place to an academe who may prove handier with his pencil.

This is the rule of "publish or perish" in action, and one can understand the university's motive. All things being equal, a man who gets in print regularly draws more credit to his university than one who devotes himself to mute, inglorious instruction. But things — and particularly teachers — are never equal, and the people in a good position to know feel that Mr. Tholfson's departure is a deprivation. As one undergraduate spokesman said, "the purpose of the university is to teach students." That is such a simple statement that any administrator, sophisticated in matters of grants, alumni patronage and status, could spot it at once as the remark of an unfledged idealist.

The Slow Transition

It is a nice question of cause and effect whether the troubles continually thrust on the Western world by the Chinese Reds can be ascribed solely to their innate atheistic deviltry, or whether non-recognition by the United States might also play a part. Be that as it may, if a balance sheet could be struck between the inconveniences and the advantages, if any, of current U.S. policy, it would be apparent that non-recognition comes high, and probably will come even higher. Representative Chet Holifield admitted as much in suggesting that an agreement with the Soviet Union on a cessation on atomic testing would be worthless unless Red China were included. Asked whether this would make it desirable to recognize Red China in order to prevent sneak testing on its territory, Representative Holifield replied that he was for any step that would prevent a nuclear war. He said further that he couldn't understand why the question of Peking's participation in a test ban was not included in the Geneva talks among the NATO ministers. While not advocating recognition, Mr. Holifield seems to be resigned to it for practical reasons, and in this he probably represents the temper of an increasingly influential section of official and public opinion. The next step in this slow progression will be for some bold soul in the Administration or the Congress to advocate recognition of the Chinese Reds as being so obviously in our own interest that it can no longer be evaded.

Self-Government for the District

Good ideas are contagious. It is now apparent that the admission of Alaska and Hawaii to the Union was secured by the simple trick of getting one to yield priority to the other. Alaska's admission had the magical effect of increasing, many times over, the pressures for the admission of Hawaii. And the admission of both has now added great momentum to the ancient campaign to enfranchise the 850,000 residents of the District of Columbia. No other major capital denies the franchise to local residents in such an uncompromising, arbitrary fashion. It was not always so in the district (see: "Free, White and Voteless" by Constance McLaughlin Green, *The Nation*, November 17, 1956); indeed, the right of suffrage still exists there; it is merely, so the experts say, that since 1874 Congress has refused to permit the right to be exercised. The bill now before Congress is not a model bill but, if adopted, it will confer a measure of self-government on the residents of the district and lead, in due course, to their full enfranchisement. Once again, therefore, *The Nation* is pleased to second the motion to enfranchise the residents of the capital.

The Lonely Insurgents

When the AFL-CIO expelled Hoffa's Teamsters Union in December, 1957, it coupled its action with an appeal to the rank and file of teamsters to clean their own house. The federation made it clear at the time that it would not charter a dual group, but left the implication that it would at least offer moral and other support to anti-Hoffa dissidents.

Last month the AFL-CIO had an opportunity to put words into action. A group of seventy teamster insurgents, including the former president of Chicago's Taxicab Local 777 of the Teamsters Union, appealed to a prominent AFL-CIO attorney for help. The current head of the local, Joseph Glimco, had been exposed by the McClellan committee as guilty of all sorts of derelictions and they wanted to change their leadership. But though the lawyer telephoned five AFL-CIO affiliates, none wanted to get mixed up in a fight with the teamsters. The insurgents are still on their own.

The incident points up the folly of the 1957 expulsion. The day before the teamsters were expelled, Hoffa was reported to have offered the AFL-CIO a monitorship for one year over his organization as the price for remaining inside the official movement. Meany and Reuther, however, anxious to placate public opinion, turned the offer down. The results show that no one has been helped. Hoffa is stronger than ever; his two opponents, Bill Lee and Tom Haggerty, who ran against him for office, are no longer in opposition; in the face of a downward trend in AFL-CIO membership, his union has gained 116,000 members. Neither McClellan, the court monitors, nor the AFL-CIO has done anything effective for rank-and-filers who needed help. The McClellan tirades haven't stopped — and they have hurt all of labor, not only the Teamsters Union. The hasty concession to "public opinion" has proven to be an empty and futile gesture.

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TENSION BENEATH APATHY

EDITORS' NOTE: The present generation — youth in college and just graduated — has been called apathetic, silent, conformist, indifferent, confused. Whatever validity these labels may have, they are still labels: descriptive but not diagnostic.

This issue of *The Nation* has been turned over to a small group of teachers and students who take the epithets for granted and seek the reasons. The magazine is in a good position to undertake this clinical explanation because it has prepared the ground with two earlier descriptive surveys. In "The Careful Young Men" (March 9, 1957), a panel of gifted young university instructors offered a portrait of the contemporary student based on close work with articulate undergraduates. This was followed a year later (May 17, 1958) by a mirror-picture of the subject in "The Class of '58 Speaks Up." These two projects fully carried out their purpose, which was to define a situation of national, but unfocused concern — the apparent failure of youth in an era of crisis.

Now we offer the picture again, but this time in the perspective of causes and influences. As one might expect, it is quite a different picture and one that suggests mobility and conflict rather than despair.

For example, Provost Edward D. Eddy, Jr. of the University of New Hampshire, basing his conclusions on one of the few serious nation-wide studies of the American campus today, insists that "the careful young men" are anything but complacent; they constitute, in his provocative phrase, "a paradox in parenthesis." William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Yale's young chaplain, tells why he finds this generation "the heirs to disillusion." Dr. William Graham Cole of Williams shows that the student, far from complacent, undergoes tensions merely in trying to get into college. Following this theme a little further back in time, Dr. Louis E. Reik, Princeton's resident psychiatrist, notes that youth is involved in a struggle for independence long before it reaches the university campus.

Or is it the faculty, in truth, which is "the silent generation"? For an answer to this question, we turned to the students themselves. Messrs. Burlage and Power, campus journalists at the universities of Texas and Michigan respectively, stress in different ways a failure of communication between student and faculty, the growth of administrative bureaucracies, and the need to study faculty performance before deciding where the silence has fallen.

All these men agree that the nation's youth will respond to the life of our time, if it is challenged by the life of our time. But from what source is the challenge to come? That question is outside the scope of this "diagnostic consultation," but it serves to bring the nation's youth back into the chain of generations. No generation exists by itself, though terms like "silent" and "complacent" — and the currently popular "beat" — obscure and aggravate the situation by assuming that isolation is possible.

1. Paradox in Parenthesis . . *by Edward D. Eddy, Jr.*

University of New Hampshire

ONE OF THE favorite pastimes of the present age is to wring our hands in despair and cry loudly over the deep-seated decadence of today's youth. I suppose what I most rebel against is the idea that today's college youth somehow ought to be secure, purposeful, endowed with all the attributes which are so obviously missing in their adult counterparts. Too often students are criticized as if they were a breed apart, to be judged by entirely different standards than anybody else. On the one hand, they are accused of having no spark; on the other, heads shake when the spark ignites occasionally in the wrong way. Many adults now appear to have forgotten that youth is a time of ferment not cement.

Now that I have said this, let me proceed to contradict myself by indulging in some rash accusations (to be taken, however, in the spirit in which they are now expressed—a supreme, unbending confidence in the silent generation and a sneaking suspicion that it is the older generation that is really at fault). What I am going to say emerges for the most part from a study which is reported in full in *The College Influence on Student Character,* published in March by the American Council of Education. Last year I was one of a group of three who, under the sponsorship of the council, set out to take a look at the American college student and the process of gradual enlightenment which is generally called "higher learning." Two of the three — James L. Yakovakis and Mary L. Parkhurst — were recent college graduates whose job it was to become as much a part of the campus as possible. We spent time at twenty colleges and universities—of all types

EDWARD D. EDDY, Jr., vice president and provost of the University of New Hampshire, is the author of The College Influence on Student Character *and other books.*

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and sizes—in seventeen different states across the country. On each campus the staff members lived with the students in dormitories, fraternities or sororities. They ate with them, went to class and to meetings, participated in bull sessions, drank countless cups of coffee and mugs of beer. In addition, we interviewed members of the faculty and staff on each campus.

In our observations and conclusions we leaned heavily on the reaction of students to the collegiate experience. We did this in the belief that *how* students receive education conditions *what* they receive. Everywhere we traveled, we found the majority willing and often anxious to talk about what was happening to them. In many cases we noted a genuine sense of urgency. We emerged with no easy definition of education or of the contemporary college student. The best capsule summary I can offer is that we found the student to be a "paradox in parenthesis."

LET ME EXPLAIN, first, the word "parenthesis." Over and over again college students told us that, in their opinion, the content and form of higher education are *not* sufficiently related to the rest of life, nor is education genuinely relevant to their concerns. Because of this, students tend to regard the four years of college as a parenthesis setting off a time in which they can perhaps enjoy themselves for the last time before "real maturation" sets in. The parenthesis encloses something which has no particularly striking relationship to what went on before, or to what will follow. Nevertheless, it is socially necessary—both as a custom and for the sake of a better life (which usually means a better job for the boys and a happier home for the girls). This is the background for the concern of one student who told us, "They keep telling me that college is preparation for life, but I'm alive now."

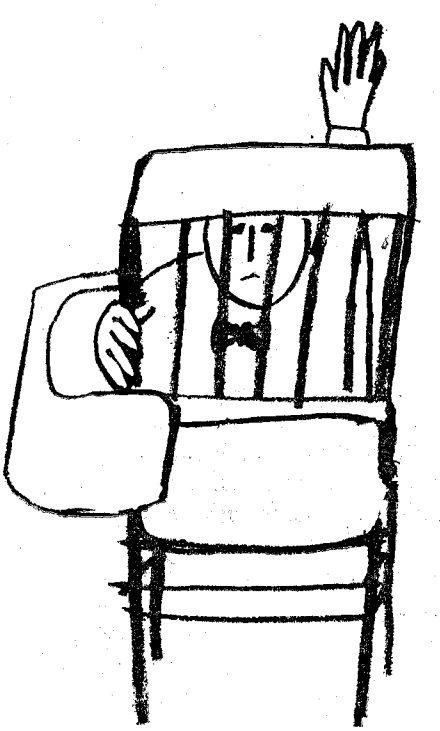
The absence of relevance in collegiate education has some side effects of substantial importance. If college is regarded only as a pleasant respite, the student may well come to feel that there are two worlds in which he may live—the here and the then. Not infrequently, for instance, we came across the student who was frank enough to admit, "I really don't see any relationship between my cheating on an exam now and what I'll do later in life. Because I get my kicks today, doesn't mean that I'm always going to be living it up."

That's the parenthesis and the danger of its maintenance. Now what about the paradox?

FIRST OF ALL, let me pose the initial paradox: Beneath the student's studied pretense of indifference and apathy lies an unfashionable but searching desire for meaning in all that he does.

On almost every campus we visited —from California to New England —student apathy was the major topic of conversation. This apathy was often expressed by the student in the simple phrase: "I couldn't care less." The phrase was supposed to apply to academic work, to leadership positions in activities, to any number of campus events. A faculty member told us: "Apathy is another way of describing the attitude that registers *superficial* or studied indifference. The unfortunate result is satisfaction with mediocrity." The student, it appears, wants never to become excited or involved.

Yet when we probed more deeply, we found another and wholly contradictory characteristic: the student is interested, often urgently, in an honest search for meaning. To many the search is not easy, for they are just beginning to sense the dimensions of truth. As one student wrote in his campus newspaper: "I do not know what I want out of life—or what I want to contribute to it—but I am learning. First I had to learn that it was necessary to have some idea about these questions. It didn't take me long to discover that there are no simple answers." The search, it seems, is often hid under a crusty layer of non-concern—but it's there.



If beneath this crusty layer of non-concern, the students are genuinely searching for meaning, why is there among them so scant a satisfaction with higher education? I put the blame squarely on us—the faculty, the administrators. In Ordway Tead's phrase, much in college education today is "so chatty, so trivial, and so inconsequential." In a nutshell: college does not demand enough from the student.

On only a handful of the campuses which we visited did many students claim that they were really performing to their full capacity. Much time is expended on meaningless activity. College campuses may be busy places, but it's surprising how much trivia consume the important hours of growing up. Students are much too easily distracted, much too quickly dumped into a rut of self-pity and sometimes self-indulgence. It's fashionable, of course, to be busy—but the busyness is often more important than the achievement. Prestige comes from busyness. The student who can sing the loudest, "I've got more to do than you" gets the lead in the campus musical comedy.

Something rather dramatic and encouraging happened last spring on the campus of the University of Wisconsin. Over 200 student leaders sent to the university president a petition which, according to our study, reflects well the sentiments of many students throughout the country. It read in part:

> Although the university is constantly making attempts to improve its standards, we believe that it has failed to challenge its students sufficiently. In many senses, it is too

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easy for thousands of students to "get by" and never learn to become critical, analytical thinkers or to achieve an understanding of the world around them. Students on all levels of attainment feel that they have not worked to the limits of their ability and time.

The university must raise its standards. In some cases this means simply requiring more work; in many more it means emphasizing an improved quality of work and an intelligent, analytical approach to the subject matter. Students must extend themselves to achieve a deep and meaningful understanding of material. But this is possible only if the faculty seeks to help us by challenging us more fully.

I COME NOW to the second paradox: While wanting to know what he should know, the student protests that he should have increasing opportunity to think and act for himself. The student, like all human beings, is naturally self-centered. He views education in terms of what it will do *for* him rather than *with* him. And so, over and over again, he complains about his instructor: "If *only* he'd tell us what he wants us to know."

While desiring more independence in both thought and action, the student, nevertheless, has a strong urge to know *exactly where* he stands at any given moment—and at the same time demands the right to influence the conditions affecting the stand. On a campus threatened with more stringent restrictions, a junior girl student wrote a typical letter to her college newspaper protesting that students desire to be treated as something better than machines:

> It is time to herald the Thinking Machine. No emotion, no benefit of experience—just an enormous brain—reading, listening to scholars, writing papers, taking exams. Learning about democratic ideology, but not having the terrible conflict of acting. And if the machine lasts four years without breaking apart or running down [it will be given] a piece of paper and [made into] a man or woman, prepared to assume its role in a much less bright society.

This paradox is beautifully illustrated by the response to one of our most challenging questions. We asked a student to describe the ideal person. His initial answer reflected, for the most part, society's current admiration of the well-adjusted person who gets along with anybody. But to this was quickly added praise for the person who reasons and acts for himself. The man of character, according to the student, is one who does not accept too readily the point of view of others and yet has the knack of understanding and working with all who cross his path. Obviously, the student's desire for individual thought is gravely threatened and compounded by his equally strong desire for social acceptance.

Moving on to the third paradox: Often intensely dissatisfied with the programs and processes of education, the student, nevertheless, is reluctant to play much part in change.

The average student is not happy with the higher learning he is getting. We came across strong criticism of classroom methods: the overemphasis on marks or the heavy stress on the use of the curve in determining grades, for instance. One student told us: "We don't mind competing, but this is encouraging unhealthy competition. And then it often ends up this way—instead of competing with one another, we all gang up on the prof and compete with him!"

A FREQUENT complaint centered on the over-use of objective-type examinations. An editorial in the Colorado student paper, discussing the question of whether or not the college graduate learns how to think, concluded:

> In too many cases the answer is no. Four years in college may simply signify that one is more adept than most at surviving the multiple-choice, true-false exams which are given in most classrooms. Colleges are turning out satisfied men with empty heads—and it is the colleges themselves which are primarily guilty.

The freshman year seems to take the brunt of the criticism. Here the courses are said to be the most tradition-bound and the teaching the least inspiring. Unless the student is challenged and becomes, to some degree, fascinated at this early stage, later efforts to interest him will meet with more resistance. As one student commented, "In the middle of my freshman year, I suddenly discovered that I'd become awfully sour. I was pretty cynical about the great things the college said it was going to do with me. I've recovered somewhat, but that first experience started me off on no feet at all."

Despite this sometimes intense dissatisfaction with the educational process, students are reluctant to take part in change. Perhaps because they are campus transients, they are not eager to uproot traditional forms. Students will cite numerous activity-groups and functions which might profitably be combined; yet, as leaders, few prove willing to initiate change or to allow their own organizations to die a relatively painless death. The question *Why?* is a neglected interrogation in *both* curricular and extra-curricular life. It is buried under the weight of the system, the custom and the tradition of the academic world.

Most students have no idea of the influence at their command. They have the unquestioned opportunity to help broaden the horizon of higher education, to force the faculty member to delve more deeply and to cherish more fully. We were delighted to find one student who told us, "In our class, the students agreed the teaching was lousy. The treatment was superficial. We backed the prof into a corner and shot so many questions at the poor man that he had to go back and take a second look at his own knowledge as well as his method."

THE NEXT paradox: Keenly interested in experiencing the totality of life and knowledge, the student often reacts by preferring to compartmentalize his own life and knowledge.

The interest in totality is obvious. The inquiring student seeks the broader implications and relationships of what he studies. He frequently complains that too few of his teachers begin the encounter by discussing their concept of the overall purpose of the course, the place it may hold in the student's educational development, its relationship to other subjects, and what it might say to the student as a living, striving person. No matter what the field of study, that field does have a relationship to fundamental issues.

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A faculty member put it this way: "Do I insist that what is important is and must be important in the *immediate present*? Or shall I be willing to consider the past? Do I identify myself simply with my colleagues who are living now, or do I try to sense the whole experience of the race? Am I willing to consider the question of tradition? Do I consider, for instance, the human image simply as I happen to meet it — walking around on the street, God help me — or do I view the human image at all times and in all places and contexts?"

There, in a nutshell, is the heart of liberal learning. And how does the student react? Like the instructor, he proceeds to compartmentalize, to make no attempt to relate, to live *today*. A good example of this is the student who gives lip service to integrity as a fundamental value of the human race — and then cheats on the next examination, or copies the theme of another, or does any number of things which are quite foreign to the logic which he demands of the teacher.

THE LAST student paradox: While respecting and honoring the adult who has explicit convictions, the student prefers to hide his own in the shelter of the group.

Over and over again, students claim to value far more highly the faculty member who has convictions and is willing to make them known. They agree that often they first recognize the importance of taking a stand only after they have actually observed a person who is honestly and carefully committed. They sense immediately and are suspicious of any teacher who tries to hide under a façade of assumed objectivity. One student concluded, "We're called the silent generation, but can you really blame us? We've studied under those who often make a fetish of silence." A Harvard Student Council report commented:

> Students frequently receive the impression that this noncommitted objective stance is the only one that is scholarly and scientific. Hence they may think that they should try to maintain it all of the time, even when commitment is in order. . . . If suspended judgment is connected with a scholarly approach, students may remain suspended until they leave the academic community, and then revert to earlier social norms or unthinkingly adopt new ones offered them by the society they enter.

The student says he likes a man with convictions; but what, really, does he himself practice? As one student told us, "We prefer to hide our convictions under a blanket of superficiality because of the social pressures of the crowd." It is not popular on a campus to have a well-considered, entrenched concept. We found that while most students are idealistic individually, the group norm does not sanction expression. The setting of standards, for instance, is a group process. Relatively few students profess to maintain individually held values.

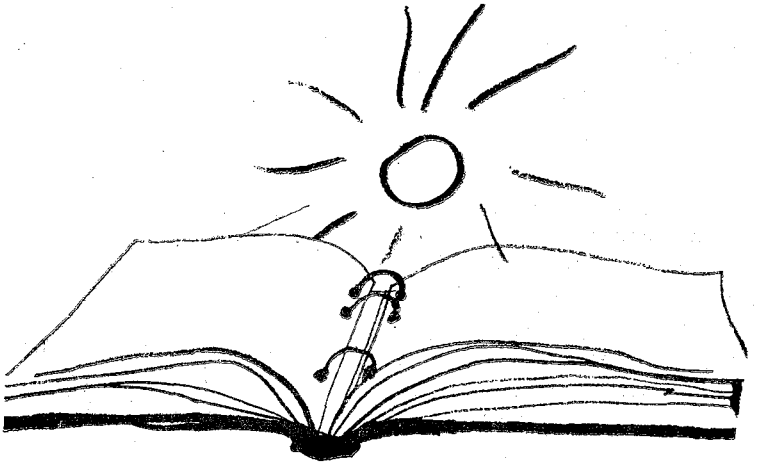
For this, they blame the world around them. Here is a beautifully phrased rendition of the current attitude, as reflected in a campus editorial:

> We are the antiseptic generation. We have grown up protected from the germs of extremisms which had given our elders a case of intellectual gout. For us history is a study only of the past; greatness today is not our necessity. Therefore, we concentrate on "life adjustment" which helps us rid ourselves of the little idiosyncrasies of which greatness is made. [Malcontentism] is as great a sin as adultery and probably more often punished. But somewhere in the back of our minds we know that this protection is but a flimsy wrap. We want to know more, hear more, do more, think more, but our society neither encourages nor rewards those who inquire.

Parenthetically, let me add that we found significant differences in overt idealism between men and women. In a word: the women want to be better and the men better off. Most students are deeply introspective. They want a frame of reference for their lives — but not necessarily a religious one. The student is not anti-religious, but he is usually uninspired by the usual pattern of religious activity. And often he confuses religious belief with mere humanitarianism. The student will not respond to empty moralizing. He will not commit himself religiously until he has found what is for him adequate grounds for commitment. This is why he prefers, at present, to intellectualize religion.

WE found, too, that most students associate morality with their inability to comprehend and accept absolutism. For example, many expressed an inability to understand what they term the vestiges of a God-centered system of self-discipline to which their grandparents subscribed — and their parents less so. They contend that this system of Puritan ethics has been diluted by generations of incessant questioning. It involves more compromise and hypocrisy than they wish to embrace. So the moral standard becomes: "I'll take my chances, but I will play it safe in the future." Here again the standard of double existence. To the student, morality is strictly a personal matter — but it is, on inspection, largely group-controlled.

The final paradox involves directly the college itself: The student is ready for a more searching and



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strenuous educational experience, but the colleges have not fully recognized, nor are they fully prepared to meet, this potential challenge. The colleges are often the purveyors of security-worship. The failure of the student to respond is basically the failure of the college to challenge. As one student told us, "We all do our best when we really believe that somebody has faith in us. It's the indifference that makes rationalization so much easier."

The notion that the chief role of higher education is to preserve tradition must be overcome. Wherever we traveled, we found that the student, beneath his façade of cynicism in strange combination with buoyant optimism, is ready to be challenged.

The current generation of college students may be silent at times, and most loquacious at other times, "beat" one moment and out to beat the world the next, self-satisfied and frightened; but it is, by and large, well aware of its growing pains and not particularly reticent about discussing them. If the stimulus is right, the student will respond. Without the right stimulus, however, he will drift and finally moor in any haven which appears most immediately attractive.

For the intelligent student as well as the perceptive college, this represents both an obligation and a magnificent challenge.

2. The Voice of the Student

The voice of the student is represented, in this symposium, by contributions from two campus journalists on subjects each has treated in extenso *in his own publication. Robb K. Burlage was editor of* The Daily Texan *until a few months ago; Philip Power is now a night editor of* The Daily Michigan.

The Silent Faculty

By Robb K. Burlage

University of Texas

THIS IS THE AGE of bigness—big business, big government, big churches, big-screen TV and "big" education. And because bigness begets bureaucracy, conformism, discretion, the giant academic communities which today dominate American higher education are harboring teachers and administrators who deserve the appellation "silent generation" as much as the students for whom the phrase was invented. This is particularly true of state universities, which are dependent upon legislative appropriations for their existence.

True, the academic community is no longer the easy punching bag that it was for the pseudo-patriots of the McCarthy era. The teaching profession, riding the coattails of the sputniks, has attained a higher level of public regard. There are fewer "incidents" in violation of the principle of academic freedom.

There have been no firings for political reasons here at the University of Texas, for instance, since the dismissal of Homer T. Rainey as president in 1946. And while the Texas legislature makes no bones about its dislike of the Big Bad State University (a current bill, which even its sponsors know is hopeless of passage, would require all professors to sign an oath declaring belief in a Supreme Being), it has refrained from direct attack on any individual on the campus.

Yet the Rainey incident left a heritage of caution on the university which has not been effaced in the intervening years. Bulging enrollments, moreover, have given rise to a campus "togetherness" atmosphere in which nobody wants to say anything to which anyone else—particularly anyone higher up in the academic hierarchy—could possibly take exception. Wittingly or no, Dr. Logan Wilson, president of the university, set the tone in a speech last fall in which he candidly expressed his feelings about the "sociological aspects" of administering a university community. He emphasized that "conflict" must be avoided—or at least kept to an absolute minimum—in an academic community no less than in any other large enterprise.

Elaborating this point of view (which a local newspaper recently hailed as "diplomatic progress"), Dr. Wilson said:

> One of the primary obligations of top administration is to prevent conflict, and hence any continuing and deep conflict is *prima facie* evidence of administrative ineptness. . . . My point is not that the administration should yield to the faculty in a dispute over principles or other matters, but merely that it is the duty of administration to keep impasses from developing.

Perhaps this is sound business-administration policy. But is education a business? Though Dr. Wilson and his team of administrators have won high regard on the campus for the manner in which they have increased the university's prestige throughout the state (and its appropriations from the legislature), there is nevertheless a deep sense of unease among the faculty. There are reports that promotions have been withheld from teachers who, at one time or another, displayed independence of thought. One professor of the humanities, known for his "controversial" views and his outspoken criticism of administrative rulings, has failed to win promotion despite the recommendation of his department superiors. Of a group of faculty members who, two years ago, protested the removal of a Negro student from a campus opera production, only one received a merit increase that year.

Of course, the pressures which can make, break or stultify an academic career do not appear on the surface, and it is more often than not impossible, in any specific case, to link cause with effect. But it is enough that responsible members of the faculty are psychologically ready to accept the more sinister interpretations. One senior faculty member here insists that the morale of his colleagues is the lowest he has seen it in the eighteen years during which he has been associated with the university.

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The problem here at the University of Texas is not unique; indeed, it may well be less acute here than elsewhere.

State universities, packed to the rafters, find themselves answerable to every mom and dad in every county in the state, and beyond. Every voter thinks he is an expert on education because, after all, doesn't he "control" the legislature which "controls" the university? And he wants to know what kind of "alien" indoctrination his children are getting in the laboratories and classrooms.

This widespread, intense and altogether inexpert concern is reflected in administrative and teaching attitudes. A recent article in *The New York Times* magazine quotes a professor:

> Today the faculties at our large universities work for the administration rather than the reverse, as was the case in earlier days. . . . A large and powerful bureaucracy, then, places a premium upon service to its ends, and these are not always coincident to the primary function of the teacher.

Dr. George Williams, professor at Rice Institute, says in his disturbing book, *Some of My Best Friends Are Professors*:

> The typical professor is in continual dread of antagonizing, irritating, or disturbing "the administration"—especially if he happens to know that most modern university administrators maintain a secret dossier on each of their professors, and that into this dossier goes every scrap of gossip or criticism that reaches the administration.

Professor Louis M. Hacker, writing in *The Nation* of April 12, 1958, insists that "There is a virtual blacklist existing in the American university world that is as mean and cruel as any inquisition."

On the other hand, Dr. Millard Rudd, professor of law and chairman of the Academic Freedom Committee at the University of Texas, denies that such administrative pressures exist—at least on this campus. Yet it is undeniable that the university's Faculty Council, once a hotbed of controversy, has turned into a "yes" group for the administration. Is this because the meetings themselves have become so big as to discourage debate? Or could it be that the faculty representatives are afraid to speak out? Dr. Eugene Nelson, council secretary, says simply that "We haven't had as many issues in the last few years that have been divisive of the faculty." No issues? At a time when the university is at the brink of its greatest period of expansion? If there is nothing "divisive," nothing to debate, why have any meetings at all?

THE QUESTION IS whether, under the circumstances prevailing on most large campuses, creative, articulate leadership is being trained. Is the so-called "silent generation" of students simply emulating the apathy—or the caution—of their teachers?

It is the university administration's job, it seems to me, to create that kind of campus atmosphere in which the faculty feels encouraged to challenge, to debate, to reach conclusions which do not necessarily coincide with "popular" conclusions. (As *The Daily Texan* put it recently: "The administration cannot hand out . . . courage with the monthly pay checks, but it can provide elbowroom for its exercise.") More than this, it is the administration's job, having encouraged independence of thought within the academic family, to defend that independence against the outside world, and to lead in teaching the public that a university's prime responsibility is not to *reflect* public opinion, but to help in *creating* it.

Precisely in this age of "bigness," of mass media of communications, of increased pressures on the university from the non-academic worlds of business and industry, there is greater need than ever for university administrators and teachers who are dedicated to a renaissance of freedom —and controversy—on the campus.

Mark Hopkins' Log

By Philip Power

University of Michigan

A COLLEGE was once compared to a log with a student sitting on one end and Mark Hopkins (an early president of Williams College) on the other. This was meant to suggest that the core of the educational process is the one-to-one personal relationship between teacher and student. But a modern university or college cannot be quite so uncomplicated (and effective) as this.

The unifying element in a modern university arises from the common dedication of all its members to both education and scholarship. Recent developments in higher education have made it increasingly difficult for schools to retain such a sense of unity and dedication. Increased enrollment has drawn into the academic community a surprisingly large number of administrative and service personnel whose immediate functions are neither educational nor

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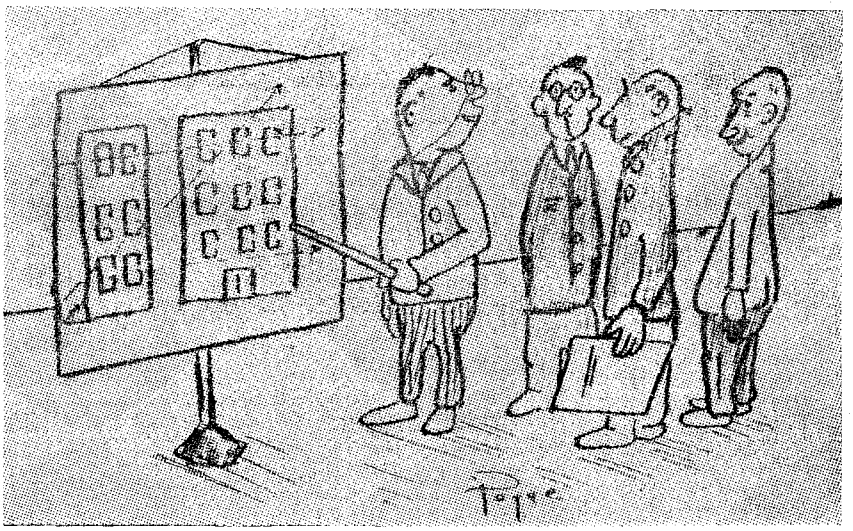
scholarly. This has led to an increasingly complex organizational structure which tends to obscure the primary functions of the university and to destroy its intellectual unity.

The principal difficulty lies in the United States' "population explosion," which by 1970 is expected nearly to double the present college-age group. Assuming the same percentage of college enrollment from this group as in the past, schools must expand as much in the next eleven years as they have in the last hundred. And the likelihood is that the percentage will rise, making things that much worse.

Most colleges and universities in the United States have responded to this increased pressure by raising enrollments. The University of Michigan, by common consent one of the top state universities in the country, ranking with the best of the private institutions, has doubled its student body in the last twenty years. Enrollment is expected to double again in the next decade. This situation is common throughout the country. But universities fear that student enrollment inevitably will expand faster than the faculties, which may be held back by administrative inertia or lack of funds. Further, what teaching offers, as a profession, does not seem sufficient to attract enough qualified men and women to fill the need. The trend, if not checked, could lead to classes of ever-increasing size and, perhaps, the eventual depersonalization of education by the use of some more "efficient" teaching medium such as television.

SO FAR, most universities are attempting to retain their traditional student-teacher ratios by expanding their faculties. The University of Michigan, for example, insists that over the long run, its normal thirteen-to-one ratio has increased only slightly, if at all, and that class size has not been significantly altered.

But the simple statistic that there is one teacher for every thirteen or so students does not prove that a university is discharging its function properly. A university community which is oriented toward thinking—itself a process of communication—must have easy personal contact between its members in order to thrive.



Daily Texan

"Now we will take subcommittee C and merge it with Department A, and put it all under Philosophy."

It is not operating as it should when students know merely that Professor X is a member of the English Department, but nothing of his nature as an individual, which is perhaps the most important thing he can contribute to his teaching. Mark Hopkins' log will not function as it should when it becomes so long or so crowded that the teacher and the student cannot talk face to face.

Bigness *per se* is not entirely unhealthy, of course. A large school has more resources at its disposal than a smaller one. But it also requires more organization, which in turn creates the danger of over-organization and the choking, thereby, of the primary educational function. The University of Michigan has some 246 separate administrative departments, and further increases are probable. On campuses all over the country, complaint is rising against the proliferation of committees, subcommittees, committees on committees, "channels," organizational schematics, etc.

Although in some measure necessary to the adequate functioning of large and complex institutions, such proliferation sometimes makes things so difficult to get done that they no longer seem worth doing. The progressive fragmentation of university organization can lead only to a withering away of the spirit of mutuality which is essential to the functioning of an intellectual community. Mark Hopkins' log was simple and straight, not a twisted branch.

Size creates still other problems. For adequate operation, a university has a legitimate need for a corps of administrators and service personnel. The University of Michigan, for example, adds around 130 new employees directly connected to the functioning of the university for every 1,000 additional students. Assuming that the university continues its thirteen-to-one student-teacher ratio, around seventy-six of the new employees will be teachers, and the other fifty-four will be in administrative and service fields. Similar figures are reported for other schools.

UNIVERSITIES follow the pattern of growth seen in other large institutions: the proportional increase in administrative and service segments tends to outstrip growth of its other elements. Thus academic communities are faced with an influx of personnel who service, rather than participate in, the intellectual life which is the university's *raison d'etre*. Their presence is no doubt necessary, but their numbers dilute the concentration of active members of the community and make it more difficult for it to function as it should.

School administration has become so complex a problem as to require special training. The University of Michigan, for instance, has set up a program of Michigan Fellows in College Administration. If this trend continues, the average faculty member or student, lacking these special

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administrative skills, will become increasingly divorced from day-to-day policy-making decisions and even, in some cases, from many fundamentally important decisions affecting the future of their community. Yet both faculty and students, theoretically at least, are coordinate elements of a university. As such, they, as well as administrators, should have the chance to influence university policy.

Further, the increasing specialization of function in a modern university has largely divorced administrators from their historical origin as teachers. Many of them have taught only for a short time, and some not at all. They often lack the special concern that teaching members of the community feel for the ethical and philosophical ideals which should guide policy formation.

The influence and prestige of the faculty is thus diminished as the university grows. Some teachers may attempt to recoup by becoming administrators themselves. Others adopt an increasingly apologetic attitude if and when they stray outside the meticulously circumscribed "safe" boundaries of the teacher and scholar and get "involved" with the administration.

The accelerating growth of the university community, and the consequent differentiation of its elements has led, then, to a three-way specialization of function and outlook: administrators administrate and make decisions; professors teach and do research; some students learn and some have a good time. And even within these three groups there is considerable differentiation: administrators may administer finance or student affairs; there are professors of philosophy and also professors who teach corporate finance; students gravitate to their own cliques. All these groups are essential parts of a university community, yet few of their specialized interests overlap, except perhaps geographically.

Such a split strikes at the essence of a university community: its unity. When the community is split into three increasingly divorced groups, it can no longer flourish.

True, there is and ought to be differentiation among student, teacher and administrator. But if there is to be an adequate unifying spirit, there must exist a common meeting ground for all its members. This meeting ground is the existence of a unified and dedicated intellectual community. Today, a vicious circle is in operation: lack of a common spirit leads to a less effective university community, which in turn breeds problems. These problems in turn affect adversely the university's spirit.

Mark Hopkins' log was a whole log, not split into a tangle of rails.

3. The Teen-Age Ulcer . . *by William Graham Cole*

Williams College

THE annual college-admissions ratrace has just about been run. The mail has brought joy and sorrow, happy surprise and stunned disappointment to homes all across the land. Admissions officers are about to enjoy a brief period of respite, of leisure to gird their loins for the struggle of another year. The class of 1963 has now been separated and divided out of the vast and milling herd into the various runways and pens of academic slaughter-houses.

There has been a spate of loose talk about the perils and problems of entrance to college, talk engendered by the admittedly hectic experience of a minority of educational institutions. But that minority consists of the most prestigious colleges and universities in the country. Actually, the so-called "tidal-wave" of students has not yet hit the colleges and will not do so for another two to three years. There are no more seventeen to twenty-one-year-olds in the total population than there have been for a decade or more, nor is there a substantially larger number of these seeking entrance to institutions of higher learning. Frank Bowles, president of the College Entrance Examination Board, has remarked that out of the roughly 900 four-year, degree-granting, accredited institutions in the United States (excluding junior colleges, various denominational seminaries, etc.), there are about one hundred that are regarded as top quality. This definition includes two factors: quality institutions are able to select their students from an embarrassingly wealthy pool of applicants, and they send better than 50 per cent of their output on to graduate school. There are an additional 200-250 colleges and universities that will not knowingly admit anyone whom they think will fail. All the rest, however, will take any student who applies. They are still in the position that virtually all schools were in the 1920s and 1930s—crying for students and greeting all applicants with greedy joy.

In those good old days, the student was the buyer, the academic institution the seller, and about the only necessity for attending college was the price of the tuition. Even the lack of that could be overcome if the student was either an outstanding athlete or a promising scholar. The alumni would pay for the education of the former, and endowed scholarship funds would take care of the latter. The high-school years were accordingly relaxed, easy and comparatively carefree. Youngsters whose parents were moderately endowed with worldly goods could look forward to admission to the college of their choice with little or no anxiety. The law of supply and demand might, in its operation in the market-

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place, produce ulcers in their fathers; in the academic economy, it was all in their favor. They could safely concentrate on the important things of adolescent life: athletics, dating, social affairs, and let their studies fall where they might. To be sure, there were the tensions and anxieties normal to their age-level, the fear of rejection by one's peer group, the awkward gropings toward socialization and emotional maturity, the hopes and hazards of the future. But by and large, the pace was leisurely and the pressure low. In any case, a college degree was not the *sine qua non* of status and success in life. Many a corporation executive had made it to the top through the classrooms of experience with no degree save that of energy and ambition. The college-educated were still a minority who required additional qualities if they were to gain preferment and progress in their careers.

TODAY, THE majority of colleges still are sellers, but not for long. What is already true in the hundred quality institutions, where the admitted represent one out of every four, six or even ten who are refused, in the next two or three years will become characteristic of all colleges and universities. By then the number of applicants will double. Our society has begun to feel that without a bachelor's degree a man will have to settle for a life of mediocrity. The higher echelons are reserved for those carrying, if not clad in, a sheepskin. This means that almost every parent wants his son, and if possible his daughter also, to have a higher education. Two fateful consequences for American life stem from this eagerness for college. In the first place, the bachelor's degree, whether in arts or science, is increasingly seen as the means to an end, rather than an end in itself. And secondly, the pressures exerted on the secondary-school student to produce the grades necessary for admission to college are already strenuous and show every sign of increasing in geometric ratio, in the years ahead.

American culture has always had a modicum of instrumentalism in its approach to education. Even the earliest colleges were founded to train

clergymen, lawyers and doctors. Although the curriculum was classical, there was little of the British or continental training of the aristocracy, the gentry with leisure and land. The natural sciences made their way into the American groves of academe against considerable handicaps, dominated as those groves were in the nineteenth century by clerical presidents and professors not altogether receptive to a discipline that had spawned a Darwin. But the demands of technology would not be denied and by the early decades of the twentieth century, American higher education had become secularized and increasingly sensitive to the demands of a business economy,whence colleges and universities derived the flow of financial support which was their life-blood. An early Nast cartoon hangs on the walls of the Faculty Club at Stanford University, depicting a robber baron, complete with plug hat, expensive cigar and broad watch chain, saying, "Perfessers is cheap."

THESE VERY "perfessers," however, viewed with growing alarm the tendency to prostitute education to purely pragmatic purposes, and the general education movement of the twenties and thirties spread markedly. Today, colleges and universities struggle valiantly to infect their students with the virus of enthusiasm for learning for its own sake, but the natural resistance of the young, carefully cultivated by family and society, proves a stubborn barrier.

All indications are that the resistance will grow rather than diminish as the college population doubles in the next decade. The diploma will increasingly become a work-permit, a ladder up which the individual will climb to personal success. This means that the kind of *noblesse oblige*, the sense of responsibility to society which Oxford and Cambridge so successfully grafted into the minds of their students for centuries, will have less and less opportunity to take root and grow. The aristocrats of the mind, the intellectually elite, may well be smothered by the mushroom growth of the mass, trampled under foot by the rush to the market place.

THE pressure for performance at the secondary-school level illustrates exactly the danger described above. The student is encouraged, nay driven, to work for superior grades, not out of the love of learning, but because these are the only means to the desired goal: admission to the college of his choice. Before he ever sets foot on a campus of higher learning, he has been conditioned to regard his academic work as the means to an end, instead of an end in itself. Further, he must present to college-admissions officers an impressive record of extra-curricular activities, athletic, musical, dramatic, social and governmental. He is no longer the buyer but the seller, and the way he merchandises his product (himself) is all-important. Already our prestigious colleges are witnessing a curious phenomenon: the fatigued freshman, who has spent the previous four years knocking himself out to get into college and is just plain tired. A further factor involved is the pressure of parents eager for their children to attend their own alma maters, irrespective of the aptitudes and limitations of the youngsters concerned. The boy is forced into the freshman class over the strong objection of the college admissions committee and then fails to make the grade. At a less difficult college, he might do very well indeed.

The occupational disease of students today is mononucleosis, which is a virus nourished by exhaustion. And as the pressure grows for graduate training, the college student finds no respite from his frantic efforts. He has still another admissions officer to impress with his grades, his record outside the classroom, his prestige in college. Ulcers have begun to turn up on the campus already, and they can be expected to increase.

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4. Heirs to Disillusion . . *by William Sloane Coffin, Jr.*

Yale University

IN THE March 16 issue of *Time*, there is an account of the questionnaires sent the members of the class of '49 at Princeton in anticipation of their tenth-year reunion next month. On the basis of 510 replies, *Time* summarizes the state of mind of the average class member: ". . . He is plump, prosperous, has most of his hair, is worried about the state of the world, yet comfortably sure of his own place in the sun." The last two phrases — "he is worried about the state of the world, yet comfortably sure of his own place in the sun" — seem to describe not only the average member of the class of '49 at Princeton, but also the average member of the class of '59 at most Ivy League and, I imagine, other colleges. Deep down he is worried; more superficially, he is not.

Deep down he is worried because every major social evil which men in the nineteenth century confidently expected to see abolished, he or his elders in this century have seen flourish as never before — civil and international wars, famine, tyranny, race conflict; he is worried because comparatively lesser social evils, such as divorce and juvenile delinquency, are equally flourishing—and in a country where the standard of living has never been higher; and he is worried most of all because, while men cannot seem to live without these problems, not many, it seems, are going to continue to live *with* them. As two Stanford seniors wrote cogently for the May 17, 1958, issue of *The Nation*, "Each graduating class has been faced with problems it did not create, but we are the first generation to know that our failure will mean the destruction of mankind."

Small wonder, then, that deep down there is a strong inclination, as one person put it, to "Lie down in darkness, leaving orders, 'Do not disturb.'" Small wonder, also, that there is a deep sense of kinship with modern writers who consider life a loveless existence in a "kiss-proof" world, as futile as a long day's journey into night. In *The Nation*, the Stanford seniors summed up their situation: "We are heirs of disillusionment."

Disillusionment, I think, largely accounts for the indifference, or at least the inactivity, of the present college generation. After all, the pacifists and the student champions of labor in the thirties, and the "One World" students of the forties all harbored illusions which today's students have seen explode in their faces. Since some illusions seem necessary for the promotion of great causes — the great reformers, Luther, Marx, Freud, Lenin, were not without them — it is easy to see how a "no nonsense" generation, when it finds out that the answer to the question, "What can you do?" starts, "Well, it is rather complicated. . . ." quickly becomes apathetic.

THEN there is another factor. Will Herberg has pointed out that in 1903 the world was outraged when forty-seven Jews were killed and ninety-two wounded in Kishinev, Russia. But the unrelieved violence of subsequent decades, the violence that has wiped out millions upon millions, has thickened the skins of all of us, including students. Today shoulders are shrugged more often than fists are shaken. Again, "What can you do?"

That students are not willing to plow through the complexities of social issues is, of course, very disappointing from society's point of view. For the very complexity that discourages student attention is itself an indication of how serious social issues are, and how badly, therefore, they need intelligent, dedicated champions. Thus student apathy is better understood psychologically than logically. It is this strong psychological reaction to the complexity of the world's ills that best accounts for the significant fact that while in late October, 1956, Hungarian students were rioting for national freedom, American students were also rioting — on two campuses for the removal of football coaches who had failed to serve up winning teams, and on a third for more free student parking space.

Discouraged by the complexity of social issues, and encouraged by exciting discoveries in psychology, many students have turned their attention inward, hoping to find inside the meaning they cannot find outside. Knowledge of the self rather than of the world, has become for many the great new quest. Never has the ego been sought for more diligently, but never also in our age of Sputniks has there been a fuller recognition of the truth of Chesterton's remark, "The ego is more distant than the star." While meditation and quiet, significant, conversation have produced wonderful results for some, for the majority the quest has been unsuccessful. Most students, like most of the rest of us, confuse self-knowledge with self-preoccupation, not realizing that to seek the one through the other is self-defeating. In summary: the average student, unable to make any more sense out of himself than out of the disintegrating world about him, is living a life of quiet desperation.

THIS IS THE situation "deep down." Nearer the surface, things are different. *Time* writes of the average '49er that ". . . he is plump, prosperous" and "comfortably sure of his own place in the sun." The same is true of the average '59er. Prosperity is the opiate of today's students as it is of the American people as a whole. Here again is a human reaction which is as psychologically comprehensible as it is rationally incomprehensible. The goods of this world ought to pale into insignificance when the world itself is threatened with extinction, yet the enormous anxieties produced by the threat cause students — like their fathers and mothers, be it underlined — to cling all the more desperately to the immediate gratification these goods afford. What better narcotic than a full stomach to deaden the gnawing feeling in the pit?

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This reaction, then, both increases the apathy of disillusionment and makes of today's students not only a causeless but a self-seeking generation. It accounts for the tremendous importance of "more free parking space," and for the fact that every college and graduate school in the country is a haven for draft dodgers. "Me first," is the big cry in a world in which we are all on the same precarious raft for weal or woe, to survive or perish together. Thus the problem for the average student, as I see it, is basically a religious one: namely, the problem of finding a faith that will (1) enable him to make sense out of himself and the crumbling world about him, and (2) be strong enough to arouse his slumbering Samaritan instinct and compel him to seek his neighbor's good as well as his own.

DOES A liberal college education help the average student reach a valid belief around which to build his life? Does it help to make him less self-seeking? My general impression on the whole is "no."

In the first place, there is a great fallacy in the theory of liberal education that a well-rounded program produces a whole man. It doesn't. A whole man is a unified man, and most well-rounded programs represent simply the separate, shattered fragments of the once whole crystal of truth. I say "once whole" because the curriculums of the nine principal colonial colleges, for instance, were once unified by a belief in God which ran through them all. Today, in these same colleges, God is far more alive in the hearts than in the minds of both students and faculty. This does not mean the campus intellectually is godless. Far from it. The campus is a veritable pantheon of gods, many of whom are engaged, moreover, in serious civil strife. Thus the "uni-versity" is really a "plura-versity," held together largely by the observance of conventions which ironically depend for their validity on beliefs for the most part abandoned. Imagine the confusion in the mind of a freshman, moving in the course of one morning from a religion class where it is assumed that "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," to a psychology class where it is assumed that God is an antiquated, pre-scientific anachronism, to an English "lit" class where God is assumed to be only an entrancing myth that poetry knows more about than theology. The freshman is left almost entirely on his own to pick up the pieces and glue them together as best he can into some form of unified belief. Is it any wonder that he gets confused?

A whole man is not only unified, however, but also committed. But commitment is often discouraged by a pseudo-objectivity promoted by teachers — often, I am afraid, as a convenient subterfuge for themselves. There is a big difference between objectivity viewed as a provisional detachment leading to a more intelligent commitment, and objectivity viewed as a permanent detachment which is simply a rationalization for a reluctance to assume responsibility. Those psychologists, sociologists and other social scientists, for instance, who teach their courses in such manner as to foster a sort of epicurean agnosticism, might well remember the comment: "Open-mindedness is a virtue which becomes a vice when the mind is open at both ends."

Students are enormously helped when they can see that life is commitment; that while a scholar is detached, a human being is not; and that, as professors are people (certain opinions to the contrary notwithstanding), all are really committed — if only to no commitment. Students greatly respect and are much aided by professors who are willing to state their own ultimate convictions and the criteria used in reaching them. These professors, incidentally, are apt also to be the most honest scholars, for as Whitehead has pointed out, the dangerous dogmatists in education are not those who hold ultimate convictions *overtly*, but *covertly*, ferociously resisting all attempts to bring them out into the light of day.

Of course, it must be remembered that the contemporary university mirrors a contemporary world which is itself, intellectually, not a "universe" but a "plura-verse," not a cosmos, but a chaos. Greater intellectual unity, therefore, cannot be achieved by an unrealistic insistence on basic Christian convictions. But if unity cannot be achieved by agreement on common answers, could not a larger degree of unity be achieved by agreement among faculty and administration on common questions, that is, by agreement on what constitute the important issues for human existence? Wasn't Socrates wise, not because he had so many good answers, but because he asked so many good questions? To be sure, the comparatively simple needs of his world made none of the endless vocational demands on education which the needs of our complicated urban society make. Nonetheless, the basic questions of human existence concerning a man's relationship to other men, to himself, and to God, if such there be, are the same in our day as they were in Socrates', only in our day they are far more neglected.

FINALLY, should not universities and colleges, professing as they do a serious interest in student values, be more directly concerned with campus life outside the classroom? Altruism is rarely fostered by classroom work except as a student may be exposed to a generous, dedicated teacher. To become smarter is not automatically to become more decent. More often, to become smarter is to refine one's egoism, to become more intelligently selfish. Altruistic values cannot be taught, they must be caught; they cannot be known by being known about, they can be known only by being experienced concretely in value-forming experiences, most of which at residential colleges take place outside the classroom. Here is the area of "real life" to the average student, and here good value-forming, compassion-provoking experiences which the "underprivileged rich" so sorely need on most campuses are sorely lacking (sorely lacking, at least, in administration and faculty support). But bad value-forming experiences thrive, and to a large degree, I am sure, they determine the students' future outlook. Educators long in the business have little trouble recognizing in the man who at fifty is eagerly fighting to keep Jews out of his country club, Negroes out of his residential area, foreigners out of the country, and New Dealers and Reds

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— "same thing" — out of his Alma Mater, the same undergraduate who thirty years ago, was eager with his hatchet in fraternity "chop sessions." This leads one to wonder if most colleges plagued with bigoted alumni do not deserve what they get.

Generous students who are strongly motivated survive the perils of extracurricular life, but what about the weaker ones? To put a bigoted student in a fraternity and expect him to become liberal-minded is, as one student remarked, as compassionate as putting a drunk in a wine cellar and expecting him to lay off the bottle. Is it no concern of educators that, according to a recent survey, there is less integration of minority races into the predominantly white fraternity system throughout the country than there is in the entire elementary- and secondary-school systems of the nine Southern states? Bigotry is part of life, true; but is it something to be encouraged or discouraged? Universities cannot legislate morality, but can they not at least legislate conditions more conducive to it? Are we trying to prepare students for the present moral level of society or to save them from it? Have we not some obligation to help the most talented generation ever of American students in some measure to transform society by first transcending it? The Stanford seniors made it clear: if this generation does not do better than the last, then it need not worry about the next.

If dedicated seniors such as these — and there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, like them — are to receive the support they deserve, university administrations and faculty must speak out not only on international and national issues, not only on issues on other people's campuses, but also on their own campus issues, for here the students are most involved. The word must come also from the top — yes, even at the expense of public relations — for students and faculty alike rightly expect to see the values the university professes in its songs and seals embodied in its leadership.

Some may argue morality is not the business of higher education, but can truth be separated that neatly from goodness? Has not the old Calvinist phrase, "Knowledge is in order to goodness," some application to campus life? Would not colleges and universities be utterly irresponsible, both to their students and to society as a whole, if, in a world in unparalleled peril, they did not consider the right use of knowledge as important as the mere possession of it?

5. War of the Generations . . *by Louis E. Reik*

Princeton University

BY THE TIME a student reaches college age, he should be well launched on a good, brisk war of independence. His object is to express to his satisfaction the ferment of energy with which sometimes he is all but bursting. He no longer endows his elders with the godlike authority they had for him in the days of his helpless childhood. In fact, now that he has learned that even his parents are not so wealthy, wise and infallible as he had previously imagined them to be, he enters a phase when he exaggerates their shortcomings. Not infrequently, he feels constrained to apologize for them to his friends, or to express a blend of rebellious attitudes ranging from condescension to open hostility. At the point where cold war threatens to give way to a hot one in the home, he packs up and goes off to college, often to the immense relief of all concerned.

In its physical aspect, a college campus seems one of the most peaceful and beautiful places in the world. But behind this idyllic façade, the student continues to wage his war for independence. He has achieved a truce, if not a victory, in his struggle to free himself from those powerful despots in the home who had only to assert their wishes to establish them as family law. But at the university he is confronted with some of the same demands for unquestioning obedience to the seemingly arbitrary dictates of his elders and presumably his betters. It is true that at first he is ready to have more tolerance for these elders than for his parents, but the role of submissive neophyte in which he is cast, with its demands for subordinating private inclinations to an unrelenting succession of assignments, requirements and examinations inevitably stirs up the urge to revolt to a more or less intense degree. But while this urge is probably common to students everywhere, it remains for the most part covert and unnoticed, except in occasional times of riot. Students, obviously, have too much to lose to run the risk of open rebellion during their college days. Actually, there seems to be a clear and startling analogy between the educational customs of civilized people and the primitive initiation rites for adolescents practiced the world over from ancient times. The modern student, like his primitive brother, is faced with the necessity of submitting to an ordeal at the hands of his elders as the price he must pay for the privileges of adulthood. It is debatable which ordeal is worse—the student's with its prolonged psychological torments, or the primitive boy's with its relatively fleeting physical hardships. In any event, the student's initiation into the world of civilized men cannot be assumed, even under the most auspicious circumstances, to be an entirely painless affair, or to proceed without provoking conflict, hidden or expressed.

BOTH AT HOME and in the university, there are confusing elements that prevent the average student from achieving independence, or even from recognizing clearly that this may be desirable. After all, it is undeniable that parents and teachers ostensibly have his own best interests at heart, so that filial duty

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and gratitude demand that he give up his own inclinations when they clash with theirs. Moreover, he is confronted with the additional difficulty of discriminating between what his elders in their wisdom unselfishly advocate for him and what they mistakenly imagine is best because it would be best for themselves. Henry Fielding observed long ago of this tendency of the older generation to confuse their children's identity with their own, thus making both parties completely miserable in the process: "Though it is almost universal in parents, [it] hath always appeared to me to be the most unaccountable of all the absurdities which ever entered into the brain of that strange prodigious creature man." Bernard Shaw, in one of his prefaces, went even further, presuming not only to find the cause of the absurdity but also to prescribe for its cure: "If adults will frankly give up their claim to know better than children what the purposes of the Life Force are, and treat the child as an experiment like themselves, and possibly a more successful one, and at the same time relinquish their monstrous parental claims to personal private property in children, the rest may be left to common sense." Just recently, the veteran child psychoanalyst, Gerald H. J. Pearson, in his monograph *Adolescence and the Conflict of Generations*, after convincingly tracing some of the hidden psychological origins of the conflict, concluded that since its main roots on both sides are so deeply anchored in a tangle of emotional attitudes, of which self-love is by no means the least important, he had small hope that either parents or adolescents could profit much from a generalized intellectual explanation of the affairs of the heart — which nevertheless he proceeded to give in his book.

These emotional affairs of the heart have such a distinct and primitive logic of their own that psychiatrists long before Freud have steadfastly and repeatedly observed that a man may be brilliantly endowed from the intellectual viewpoint and simultaneously an irresponsible child where his emotions are concerned. Or he may be the reverse: a genius when it comes to the affairs of the heart, but an intellectual moron as measured by his I.Q. In this connection, it is worth remembering that following the introduction of Binet's intelligence test in the early years of this century, situations in ordinary school and social life that before seemed baffling because someone was involved whose feeble-mindedness remained unrecognized, became clear and susceptible to control when approached with the new knowledge. Undoubtedly, some day we shall also have better indices of emotional development, a kind of E.Q., which will enable teachers and parents to take a more calm and realistic attitude towards problems posed by students that now seem inexplicable or of deliberate malevolent intent.

Meanwhile, we have outgrown old superstitions in the ruling power of witches, devils, planets and charms, but have still to discard the notions that emotional attitudes and motives are readily controlled by the intelligence, or that they depend only on external circumstances, or that they are utterly mysterious beyond comprehension. On the contrary, medical psychology, particularly during the last half-century, has been accumulating an impressive mass of clinical data, drawn from normal as well as abnormal subjects, that demonstrates something of the peculiar evolution and logic of the emotional life.

IN COLLEGE practice, for example, the psychiatrist has many opportunities for observing that a student's attitude towards his father seems to determine his attitude towards college authorities. A student who has been strongly attached to, and simultaneously overwhelmed by, the father is apt to view the college teacher as the embodiment of the wisdom of the ages. His war for intellectual independence does not go well because the more he admires his mentors the more he is inclined to be uncritically influenced by them and to belittle himself. Educators are familiar with students of this type, who are variously called "perfectionists," "over-achievers" or "over-conscientious." The more they belittle themselves, the less capable they become of achieving self-assurance and spontaneous, original work. Their energies, instead, are used up in curbing natural impulse and in preoccupation with superficial detail.

One such student, for example, felt compelled to memorize the dates of withdrawal and return on the librarian's card in a book of assigned reading, to say nothing of a staggering mass of excerpts he had copied down. The psychiatrist sees this as a kind of self-defeating compromise, in which there has been no wholehearted acceptance of either the self or the father. Its object, essentially, is to keep the peace and to win rewards and esteem from parents and teachers for a kind of mechanical compliance characteristic of the rote-learning of childhood days, rather than to achieve satisfying growth and true self-expression. Deficient self-esteem and an exaggerated estimate of authority make such students slaves to duty and routine, a slavery which the world too frequently applauds, but which nevertheless defeats the aims of liberal education and provides fertile soil for private misery and neurotic symptoms, such as fatigue, insomnia, incapacitating tension, and sometimes despair.

Likewise, it is frequently observed that students who have been inclined to defy and underestimate the father are similarly inclined to belittle authority in general. In extreme form, their behavior is variously regarded as immature, abnormal, delinquent or even criminal, depending on how badly the community feels its interests have been violated and how it assesses the responsibility of the offender. As long ago as 1910, the psychiatrist Stewart Paton (who incidentally was the first to advocate a mental-health program for college students) is said to have been astonished when he first began his work at Princeton University to discover "students who had pronounced suicidal, homicidal impulses, sex perverts, those who stole, cheated, were exceedingly egotistical, aggressive and showed other signs of serious maladjustment." He saw no point in making "every attempt . . . to induce all, the unfit as well as the fit, to pass through the educational mill" which, he noted, is in

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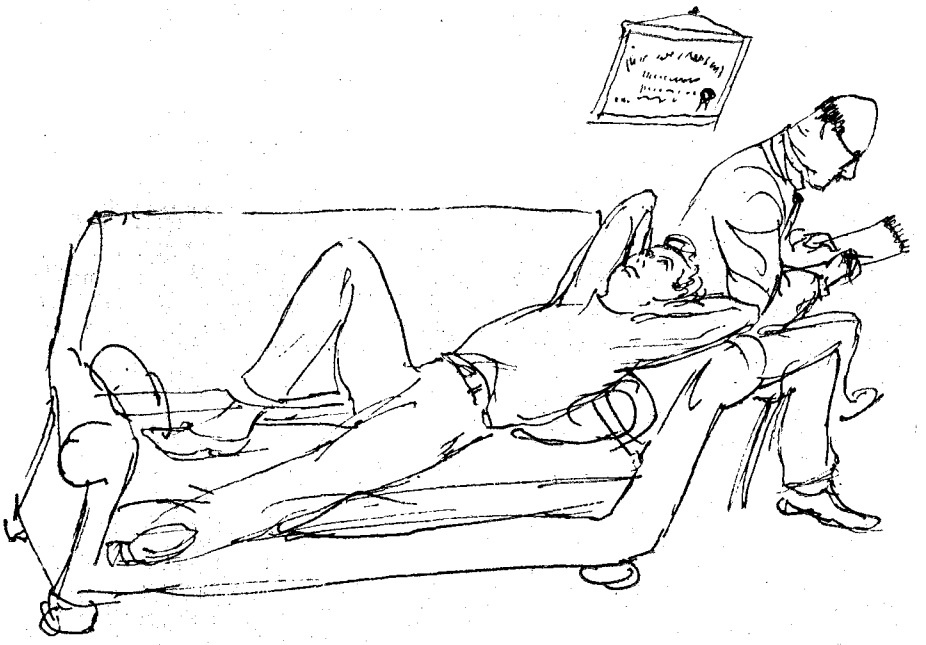
sharp contrast to the more realistic policy in schools and colleges of preventing those with weak hearts or lungs from taking part in strenuous athletic pursuits. Since then, colleges have gradually been paying more attention to the need for earlier recognition and more intelligent treatment of students with serious emotional disturbances.

When it comes to the less serious problems posed by rebellious but essentially healthy students, any good educator knows that the rebel is only confirmed in his defiance when he sees himself vindictively or scornfully treated with little, if any, concern as an individual, in spite of the professed brotherly love for him of the Christian community. The late psychoanalyst Fritz Wittels rightly pointed out the enormous difference in the effect on the culprit when punishment is administered by those who care for him, as by a father in childhood who wants to continue to love the naughty child, or by those in institutions or state who neither care for him nor are interested in his welfare. The wise father and the good teacher intuitively know that lasting repentance and ultimate self-discipline are not products of terror and force alone.

THE STUDENT'S war for independence does not, however, always display the more obvious forms of submission and rebellion described above. The majority of students seem to oscillate somewhere between these extremes, being on the whole perhaps more rebellious than submissive. Those who read standard histories of university life, where, as Rashdall observed, "the life of the virtuous student has no annals," are not surprised to find that they have been a rebellious lot from the beginning. Haskins in his informative *The Rise of the Universities* records that in 1317 the students at Bologna not only brought the townsmen to terms by threatening to go elsewhere, but also laid down strict regulations governing the teaching of their professors, who were subject to fines for absences and other controlling maneuvers. We also learn that in medieval Paris students went about armed with swords and knives, attacking citizens, abusing women and



slashing off one another's fingers. Elsewhere, it is said that prior to the present century, outbreaks of violence against college officials and property were more extensive and frequent than they are today in American colleges, and were seemingly worst at the most puritanical colleges. On the other hand, it is well known that there have been periods when students submitted to a much more rigorous academic discipline than at present, at least in a physical sense. From the standpoint of the psychological relationship today between the older and younger generations, it would be an anomaly if in these more democratic times either generation were to revert to the attempts at physical domination of the feudal past. But he who looks will find that the conflict goes on in other less obvious ways. It has, so to speak, been driven underground.

For instance, a student complains of a perplexing inability to concentrate on academic material, yet emphasizes that he would like ultimately to follow his father's career in teaching; meanwhile, he feels tense and miserable *except* when engaged in extracurricular activities. Another has had extensive medical investigations, with entirely negative results, of his complaint of recurring digestive upset, which, on inquiry, is found to be associated particularly with times of stress and examination. A third, while professing to want to remain in the university from which his father graduated, is in danger of dismissal because he cuts classes from oversleeping, which he says he can neither correct nor understand.

Examples like these could be multiplied. But a recital of their bare outlines does not adequately convey the rich and subtle interplay of defensive and offensive maneuver that goes on. Often conflict is not ostensibly with authority at all, but with what we now recognize as its inner representative and ally, the conscience. The college psychiatrist encounters many instances where such inner warfare leads to apparently senseless dilemmas or pointless activities. These can only be understood when viewed in terms of the struggle within, reflecting in part a desire to yield to temptation and in part the scruples about it. Students can, of course, justify themselves with compelling logic and eloquence, recalling Shaw's observation that excellent reasons can be found "for every conceivable course of conduct, from dynamiting and vivisection to martyrdom." I share the feeling with colleagues that a university would be a dead and dusty place if all students were models of conformity. But I can also sympathize with the professor who once said that a university would be a wonderful place if there were no undergraduates in it.

WHEN WE TURN to the strategies that the older generation employs to meet these offensive forays of students during the years of their re-

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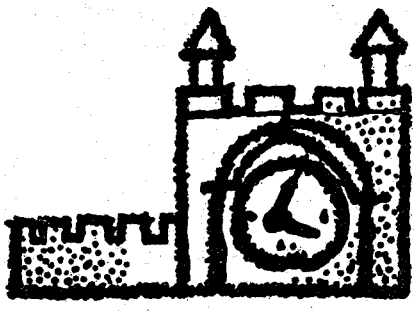
bellion, we find on the college campus that they gravitate toward two opposite extremes, neither of which seems sensible or practicable from a psychiatric or pedagogical point of view. At one extreme, there are those who rely heavily on impersonal disciplinary retaliation when students exhibit unusual behavior or become troublesome. These are the upholders of traditions and rules at all costs, the sensitive spirits who beneath an impersonal mask react to the offending student as though they had been personally affronted themselves. At the other extreme, there are those among the older generation so easily influenced by the student's point of view that if their attitude prevailed there would inevitably be chaos and ineffective leadership and education.

BOTH extremists view the psychiatrist's approach according to their own predilections. The disciplinarians assume that the psychiatrist is indubitably against any punishment whatsoever and thus favors anarchy on the campus. The opposite group tends to be so convinced of the basic stability and intellectual capacity of any student who has been admitted to college that it suspects the psychiatrist of magnifying mental pathology where none exists, or of wanting to substitute some dreary form of adjustment for all the excitement and color that rebellious youth brings to the campus. Both views miss the mark.

Concerning the disciplinarian viewpoint, it is now becoming well known that punishment must take into account the individual as well as his offense. In other words, we are beginning to realize that there are abnormal states which no amount of punishment can cure, but in fact may aggravate instead. Until the comparatively recent pioneer work of the psychiatrist William Healy, begun in 1908, the law, for example, was still operating under the assumption that the vast majority of juvenile delinquents are of essentially sound mind, can control perverse impulses and will respond favorably to punishment. Since then, through the work of juvenile courts and the psychological appraisal of offenders, society has been discovering, sometimes to its chagrin, that unwittingly it has been actively persecuting individuals who are so powerfully driven to antisocial behavior that they appear genuinely unable to restrain themselves as normal individuals can do, and so must be judged to be in some respects irresponsible and provided for in some other way than the law traditionally decrees.

ON THE campus, the very word "irresponsible" applied to a student is apt to evoke the itch to punish rather than the urge to investigate. The college psychiatrist, for his part, has to distinguish between students whose perversities come against a background of reasonable stability, and those who are rendered "irresponsible" by some deeply ingrained intrapsychic disturbance. Take, for example, the phenomenon of exam-



ination anxiety. Because it is present in almost everyone to some degree, it is often assumed of little importance. Yet in a large university hardly a year goes by without several more or less serious psychiatric casualties during the final examination period. The large majority of students can meet and surmount this type of pressure without serious strain. But the problem, as the psychiatrist sees it, is to recognize that there are occasional students so vulnerable already that this added strain of examinations can cause a degree of incapacity well beyond the student's ability to control. Fortunately, these exaggerated reactions to examinations are not frequent nor are they always of serious import. But occasionally they are symptomatic of deeply entrenched and extensive emotional disturbances that should be recognized as early as possible.

In the past, the first reaction of disciplinarians everywhere to the student who complains of being rattled on an examination is to turn a deaf ear, or if, as occasionally happens, a blank examination paper has been turned in, to feel incensed and to think of maximum penalties. The student may at once be assumed to be disrespectful, dishonest or flagrantly lazy, the choice of diagnosis being more in line with the disciplinarian's pet preconception than with the facts, and the treatment being dictated more by fear that other students will become delinquent on examinations than by considerations of the educational development of the individual. The disciplinarian has often, therefore, been strangely reluctant to give the offending student careful and thoughtful scrutiny. Yet from both the psychiatric and educational points of view, an inquiry aimed at some understanding of whether the student is in good mental health has a more far-reaching significance than the specific offense itself, or the question of whether to punish or not to punish. The student who says that during an important examination his mind becomes blank or behaves like a drunken man's is confessing to inner disorganization that may have important implications regarding not only his mental health but his future educational development as well. Besides, an attitude of inquiry that seeks to establish the facts of a student's inner life will do more to alleviate cold war on the campus than one that presupposes, or is intent on, arbitrary domination.

Those lenient souls who, on the other hand, regard student aberrations and rebellions with an overly benevolent eye—perhaps finding in them a source of vicarious excitement and secret pleasure—run the same risk as the disciplinarians of overlooking the educational value of having some understanding of the student's inner problems. I agree with Chancellor Lawrence A. Kimpton of the University of Chicago, who is recently reported to have said that a great university must also have the "excitement of rebellion, the maladjustment of youth," and "occasionally it should discipline itself in freedom by embracing and supporting a weird one just for his weirdness." But I have too much respect for the force and vitality of rebel-

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lious youth to share his fear that the university "would lose all its greatness if it were tortured into adjustment through analysis" by the psychiatrist or by anyone else. The student has something to say about whether he will submit to such analysis, and regardless of how desirable others may think such a course to be, he nevertheless holds a veto power. The psychiatrist would be a megalomaniac indeed if he believed he had the magic power sometimes attributed to him for making unwilling rebels lay down their arms. In fact, he would be inclined to wonder whether those who overlook this veto power of youth are not themselves overestimating the power of the older generation to influence, guide, and to create in its own image. In short, he would caution educators and parents, as he must constantly caution himself, against the illusions of omnipotence and omniscience.

TENSION and conflict between the old and the young will presumably always exist. But the problem of whether the individual's aggressive energies will be expressed in useful or destructive ways has never before cast such a deep and terrible shadow over human life. The student today, for example, must learn that atomic energy is merely the concentrated projection of these inner energies, made possible by the unified efforts of many, and thus not rightfully subject to arbitrary individual control or caprice. That the days of unbridled individualism are gone is a lesson that, at bottom, no high-spirited young man wants to learn.

Faced with the mounting urgency of this difficult problem, college teachers and psychiatrists need to pool their efforts to promote a healthy understanding of the forces in the inner world. Up until the present century, man could enjoy the luxury of dismissing this inner problem and concentrating his energies on achieving mastery over the external world. He did so partly to avoid confronting himself with unpleasant aspects of his inner life, and partly because healthy and disciplined introspection is extraordinarily difficult in the face of conflicting feeling and impulse and the demands of the outside world. Thus the very word *introspection* continues to have unfavorable overtones, suggesting to many extreme subjectivism and even disease. The psychiatrist, however, recommends a kind of introspection that is based on more than the superficial data of inner thought. It must take into account not only what a student tells us in apparent sincerity about his motives, but must also square with what can be observed about his present behavior and his past tenddencies. The author-physician Oliver Wendell Holmes, perceived with remarkable intuitive clarity why accurate introspection is so elusive, as the following passage published when Sigmund Freud was a mere boy of fifteen illustrates:

> There are thoughts that never emerge into consciousness, which yet make their influence felt among the perceptible mental currents, just as the unseen planets sway the movements of those which are watched and mapped by the astronomer. Old prejudices, that are ashamed to confess themselves, nudge our talking thought to utter magisterial veto. . . . The more we examine the mechanism of thought, the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious action of the mind enters largely into all its processes.

Unusual students, and students who sometimes behave in unusual fashion, raise serious questions pertaining to the philosophy of education in a democratic society. They are complex questions that have long been discussed, such as the effect of coercion on students, the optimum conditions for teaching and learning, the fate of non-conforming students in a system of mass education, and many others. The psychiatrist cannot pretend to answer them. But he would feel that the solution of such thorny questions depends not so much on generalizations, or even on technical psychological knowledge, as on an attitude towards students similar to that of the physician towards his patients. This attitude derives from the great clinicians in medicine who over the centuries discovered that if physician and patients have learned from each other it has only been because they were able to unite their energies against a common enemy—disease. Moreover, it is an attitude that permits acceptance of the individual in spite of dislike or even loathing for his sickness. Ben Johnson remarked: "I know no disease of the soul but ignorance."

Against this common enemy, ignorance, the old and the young have long sought to join forces. But only in this revolutionary twentieth century have we begun to have glimmerings of the hidden source of much of the enemy's power. Once we recognize that it resides in ignorance of the deeper and more primitive emotional self, which can bring to naught the proudest intelligence, the campus cold war will take on a healthier and more worthwhile objective.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

cess and what constitutes excess is not known with certainty. You carp only casually about the dangers of automobiles, even though they cripple a million persons every year now, not at some vague future date. Yet you worry vociferously about strontium-90, which is not even in the top 1,000 causes of death in any country of the world today, but might get worse. Phooey!

I think I understand the real reasons for the hysteria of your writers. They cannot comprehend science, and they fear it as a rival of their literature for the esteem of the people. . . .

J. P. PHILLIPS
Professor of Chemistry
University of Louisville
Louisville, Ky.

'Compromise' in Prisons

Dear Sirs: "Prison Riots" by Gresham Sykes in your May 2 issue is a very good job. His analysis of the temptation for prison officials to develop "patterns of compromise" is excellent. We think these "patterns" are quite proper for administrators in any field: education, welfare, public health, prisons or in production and other profit-making enterprises. If there were no patterns of compromise, we would still be using the guillotine and stocks on the public square.

ROBERT R. HANNUM
Director of Vocational Placement
The Osborne Association, Inc.
New York City

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Perseverance Against Violence

THE WALL BETWEEN. By Anne Braden. Monthly Review Press. 306 pp. $5.

TRUMBULL PARK. By Frank London Brown. Regnery. 432 pp. $3.95.

BIGGER THAN LITTLE ROCK. By Robert R. Brown. The Seabury Press. 150 pp. $3.50.

Harry Golden

EVERYTHING we do—from the opening of the West to the trade-union movement to the acquisition of the Philippines to our accident tolls over the Fourth of July—is accompanied by violence. We live in a violent country and it may be that we cannot divide violence from either our accomplishments or our environment. Now the demand of the American Negro for equal rights takes place in a violent setting. This request has triggered injustice and mob rule. Sometimes the terror is banished by the glare of publicity; sometimes it is dispelled by silent perseverance. The glare of publicity killed the Ku Klux Klan of the 1920s. The quick, quiet, "no-publicity" efficiency of the Baltimore School Board resulted in the first of our successful school integration programs. But in Little Rock, the glare of publicity did not help law and order, and integration was secured only by the extreme alternative of sending armed troops. Nor did the glare of publicity let Andrew Wade keep his house in Rone Court.

The ugly sentiment that spilled across Louisville because Andrew Wade, a Negro, bought and lived in a house in a white area, is the subject of Anne Braden's book, *The Wall Between*. The wall between is the wall between Negroes and whites which Anne Braden and her husband, Carl, tried to demolish by using Andrew Wade's money to buy a house which they deeded over to him the next day. When a Negro family occupied the house the white Bradens had bought, a mob gathered upon the front lawn, crosses were burned, the house was dynamited, Mr. Braden stood trial and was convicted of criminal subversion and Mr. Wade eventually gave up his home.

Neither the dynamiters, nor the members of the mob who tried to intimidate Wade, nor the officials of the bank who reneged on their mortgage were brought to punishment or even community disapprobation. But to say that the Louisville community was wrong and unjust —which it was—is not to say that the Bradens were right. While they had a legal and a moral right to buy a house for their friend, one can only conclude their actions were ill-advised. Mr. and Mrs. Braden obtained the house by subterfuge from James I. Rone, the builder, who thought they would occupy it. Admittedly, Mr. Rone was no hero, but deceit of any sort will not win the struggle the Negro wages so valiantly. Though integration has met many stumbling blocks, where it has proceeded successfully it has done so because the entire community, both white and colored, *knew* it as a public fact, as an incontrovertible piece of law. Progress and equality for the Negro is in the writ from the court.

Suggesting the Bradens were ill-advised, however, is not to impute their motives. For trying to help their friend, both Mr. and Mrs. Braden were savagely persecuted, threatened and Mr. Braden unjustly punished. Mr. Wade and his father were subjected to financial pressure and inhumanity from white neighbors. But the Wades and the Bradens maintained their morale and exhibited high courage. The conviction against Mr. Braden was, happily, dismissed by the higher courts, chiefly because the United States Supreme Court had ruled state subversion laws unconstitutional.

IN HER book Mrs. Braden is clear and precise about emotional states and does not strike the reader as an overly doctrinaire woman. She is, however, sometimes surprisingly naive. She was morally unprepared for the savagery of the Louisville community. It does not seem to me that Mrs. Braden understands that the struggle for justice is precisely that — a struggle. It is not a game in which people play their trumps. It is a war in which people throw bombs, dynamite houses, keep the phone ringing with threats, stage bus strikes and wrangle through the courts.

The hero of *Trumbull Park* did not make Mrs. Braden's mistake. He knew what to expect. Frank London Brown's novel is on a theme similar to *The Wall Between*: several Negro families, urged on and legally sponsored by the appropriate city authorities, move into a white public housing development outside Chicago. Buggy Martin, his wife, Helen, and their two children survive the bitterness, physical violence and cruelty that accompany their move.

This is promising subject matter, but *Trumbull Park* is a sub-literate book. This is not the judgment one wants to make. Our literature already suffers from a disproportionate emphasis upon Jews, exurbia and the communications industry. American literature, we might expect, should be able to produce a book on so topical and crucial a subject as Negro civil rights. It has not.

Although Frank London Brown is a Negro and might seem to be at an advantage in writing from the inside looking out, his book fails, curiously, where Mrs. Braden's fails. Neither is forthright. Neither explores nor exploits the *genuine* motive of the American Negro. Mr. Brown and Mrs. Braden state too matter of factly that the Negro who moves into a white area is simply looking for a better place to live, a place that is clean and wholesome. We know this is a substantial motive, but we also know that it is not the whole motive. The Jew who wants to join the Gentile Country Club may claim he only wants to play on the best links in town, but we know that golfing is not his prime motive. He wants a sort of acceptance just as the Negro does, and while neither the Jew nor the Negro may be able to articulate what this acceptance is or why he wants it, we can still comprehend its emotional importance. The chief value these two books could have offered us is the articulation of this drive, but Mrs. Braden and Mr. Brown shy from it. They are not militant. And instead of being forthright they are apologetic.

Yet it would be unfair to say that Mr. Brown displays no virtuosity. Indeed, he sometimes does, although his virtuosity is sketchy and his book uneven. But his Negroes are all *people*, not sympathetic portraits nor stereotypes. And he sometimes manages brilliant insights:

> From that minute on, until Mr. and Mrs. Thomas moved out of the project a year later — broken, nervous, talking about divorce, not speaking to any of us — William Thomas was never — not even in the closest room, not even in a moving car

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driving away from Trumbull Park — able to say that white people were breaking the windows, or setting off the bombs, or gathering in the mobs that once surrounded his wife and threw a bomb straight at her. Always, always were they "certain people."

While Mr. Brown does not have a supreme literature always at his fingertips, he has grasped the truth that "one man with courage is a majority." Buggy Martin wins his place at Trumbull Park because he is responsible to the need for courage and manliness. Buggy Martin knows that to gain dignity he must have dignity.

The modern miracle is that the Negro understands this intuitively. The nine children who braved the mob at Little Rock, and Dorothy Counts who walked home alone, have made us see how steadfast a thing is courage. And although the Negro is directly abused in this struggle, and although he numbers twenty-five million, he is remarkably fair and forgiving and he has not made a single serious mistake. Thus the most interesting development of the South of the 1950s is that the Negro culture has become what the white Christian community (I use the term generically) is not.

This failure of the white Christian community is described by Robert R. Brown, the Episcopal Bishop of Little Rock, in *Bigger Than Little Rock*. At first glance a more general book, Bishop Brown still treats of a specific condition. His title calls attention to the fact that Little Rock is more than an ugly incident in American social history; Little Rock is the symbol of the division between pulpit and pew. The Protestant ministers, the rabbis, the Catholic priests of Little Rock urged integration, castigated the rioters, tried to sway their parishioners, and were largely futile. The church, confesses Bishop Brown, is unable to wield an influence persuasive or strong enough to calm this problem. Segregation, in short, proves the church not one body whole. What makes this a tragic plight, comments the Bishop, is the sad thought of what might have been.

Bishop Brown adjusts a certain focus on integration. Integration is not *only* a contest between colored and whites, between Northerners and Southerners, between intransigent governors and an authoritative Supreme Court. Some parishioners may think church is only for Sunday, not for social crises. Others may suppose that the Constitution is for historical amusement and for the edification of the South Asians, not for Americans. And still others may applaud the fact that our entertainment is democratic and be blind to the truth that our schools are not. The conflict integration has engendered makes Bishop Brown ask "what can be done, by God's grace, which will assist the Church to confront society with both judgment and reconciliation?" This question is what makes his book important reading.

Tuning in on Albion

JOHN BETJEMAN'S COLLECTED POEMS. Houghton Mifflin. 279 pp. $4.

THE LESS DECEIVED. By Philip Larkin. St. Martin's Press. 45 pp. $3.

SEEING IS BELIEVING. By Charles Tomlinson. McDowell, Obolensky. 61 pp. $3.

M. L. Rosenthal

CONTEMPORARY British verse of wit is both seductive and repulsive. Developing a taste for it is like falling in love with a brilliant, sensitive woman who, however, demands oceans of sympathy because she has the usual troubles of life. Then, it is really insular, British in a special sort of way, idiosyncratic as a family joke. That is good; art should, certainly, grow out of the specifics of a life-style—and damn the ponderous seekers after "universality"! Still, you can't help thinking of Lawrence's "The English are so nice!" and his picture of the British bourgeois:

> Nicely groomed, like a mushroom
> standing there so sleek and erect
> and eyeable —
> and like a fungus, living on the
> remains of bygone life. . . .

Or Auden's picture of the invalidism of middle-class British society, with its obvious similarity to Lord Chatterley's condition —

> I don't want any more hugs;
> Make me some fresh tea, fetch me
> some rugs.

It is the disproportionate infusion of self-pity, I suppose, that makes the difference at this moment. The tragic and revolutionary perspectives of the great generation of modern poets begin to seem archaic to people embroiled in the petty particulars of welfare-state planning. Most of their passion now goes into self-loathing at being part of a protected, routine system of minimum standards and into indignation that Albion's sacred landscape is being "modernized." That the new security represents at least a minimal triumph after age-long struggle and sacrifice causes no exultation. That millions in the world are really, and horribly, suffering seems not to inhibit the complaints one whit. (But that is a commonplace of life—the well-fed and hearty demanding compassion of the starving or the deathly ill. One is reminded of that famous scene in Proust where the Duke complains to the dying Swann that "I had a wretched lunch this morning" and that the Duchess "is not nearly so strong as people think.") Nevertheless, all this is part of the idiom in England today; and it is authenticity of voice that makes a poetry live, whatever we may think of what the voice is saying.

John Betjeman rings the changes on that voice more deftly than anyone else now writing in England. His poetry is in large part a sparklingly sentimental body of work whose vast success in England recalls the triumphs of our own Longfellow, a poet he dearly loves to parody. There is surely something of Longfellow, even something of Holmes's "Old Ironsides," in a poem like "The Planster's Vision":

> Cut down that timber! Bells, too
> many and strong
> Pouring their music through the
> branches bare,
> From moon-white church-towers
> down the windy air
> Have pealed the centuries out with
> Evensong.

Betjeman's appeal is most often highly local, with a strong smell of wet tweed and a lively effeteness slightly offensive to American sensibility—except, naturally, the sensibility of that special breed of American who can't get enough Stoking-on-the-Woking and who worships every horse Her Majesty ever sat on. But that is only one side of the matter. Betjeman's appeal is anchored in a burr-like specificity about places and circumstances and in a persuasive feeling for the countryside and its culture. This feeling, infused as it is with bitterness at the changes being wrought in English life, tempers his sentimentality and his occasionally squeamish horror at the increasing visibility and power of the hitherto uneducated classes. Together with his skill as a light-versifier and his familiar, humorous touches, it saves him from being (what he sometimes is anyway) just another weepily conservative Englishman with a strong sense of place. These elements add up

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to passion and effective wit, and they usually prevent any large accumulation of soppiness from bogging down his descriptions:

> We used to picnic where the thrift
> Grew deep and tufted to the edge;
> We saw the yellow foam-flakes drift
> In trembling sponges on the ledge
> Below us, till the wind would lift
> Them up the cliff and o'er the hedge.
> Sand in the sandwiches, wasps in the tea,
> Sun on our bathing-dresses heavy with the wet,
> Squelch of the bladder-wrack waiting for the sea,
> Fleas round the tamarisk, an early cigarette. —"Trebetherick"

Probably it is poems like these, together with such rather more blatant, downright blubbering pieces as "The Old Liberals" and "Church of England Thoughts" and "Christmas" and "Verses . . . in Aid of . . . the Restoration of the Church of St. Katherine Chiselhampton, Oxon.," that have made Betjeman's work so popular. Except for a few poems on death, social caste and sex, Betjeman is not at his best when he is completely serious. But in these few poems—"Late-Flowering Lust," "Sir John Piers," "On a Portrait of a Deaf Man" and "False Security," for example—he hits the note of pure dismay implicit in his diatribes and satires against the new world of dreariness he believes England's "plansters" are building. One of Betjeman's reactions to social service England is an old-auntie excitement about church restoration and other such nobly preservative causes. He exercises his talents more fully when he is being wittily half-snobbish, half-tender, toward the dull *polloi*; when he is mocking the traditional forms and vocabulary of the bucolic and other popular poetry he exploits so cleverly (he is most at home in a tradition that includes such minor, half-forgotten masters of swinging rhythms as Kipling, Masefield, Noyes and Chesterton); when he is dazzling us with the mingled humor and pathos of "The Arrest of Oscar Wilde at the Cadogan Hotel"; or when he is indulging himself in his curiously effeminate but very funny love-poems about powerfully athletic females:

> Red hair she had and golden skin,
> Her sulky lips were shaped for sin,
> Her sturdy legs were flannel-slack'd,
> The strongest legs in Pontefract.

PHILIP LARKIN is representative of the younger group of self-snubbers and self-loathers (to whom, nevertheless, it has never occurred to put down their wretched mirrors) who have recently risen to the fore in English letters. He is forever promising to be a wit and then appealing to the reader to pity him instead. It is another turn on that *petty* bitterness about life that Betjeman too sometimes exhibits—not a world's sorrow and loss of meaning, but the sullenness of a man who finds squalor in his own spirit and fears to liberate himself from it:

> Why should I let the toad *work*
> Squat on my life? . . .
> Ah, were I courageous enough
> To shout *Stuff your pension!*
> But I know, all too well, that's the stuff
> That dreams are made on:
> For something sufficiently toad-like
> Squats in me, too;
> Its hunkers are heavy as hard luck,
> And cold as snow. . . .—"Toads"

As in *Look Back in Anger* or *Lucky Jim*, the speaker's assumption that he is in an inescapable predicament will seem to Americans more stubborn than unavoidable. Larkin's poems of refusal to participate—such as "Reasons for Attendance" and "Places, Loved Ones"—have an air of spurious self-alienation, as opposed to a poem like Edwin Muir's "The Interrogation" whose tragic authority derives from awareness of the myriads whom war and authoritarian militarism have deprived of birthright and identity. In the new British atmosphere a writer can speak of his childhood, as Larkin does in "Coming," as "a forgotten boredom," and have it accepted as a self-evident truth. He can write, seriously:

> . . . . Sex, yes, but what
> Is sex? Surely, to think the lion's share
> Of happiness is found by couples—sheer
> Inaccuracy, as far as I'm concerned. . . .

There is a good deal of this kind of defiant beating-down of straw men, in the vein of the posturings of a precocious pubescent in revolt against the prospect of happiness. But another side to Larkin appears in poems like "Dry-Point," "Myxomatosis," and "Going." The querulous whine and the limp squeak of defiance have disappeared, the poems are much more impersonal, and we can see from them that there is something of a deep, end-of-a-civilization sadness behind the talkative self-analyses and the almost silly little manifestoes. "Dry-Point" is perhaps the best poem in the book and immensely suggestive in the way its images carry through a feeling of men's helplessness within history. At endlessly recurrent crucial moments we are compelled to action amid an exalted vision which deserts us immediately the action is completed, and the dream of a concentrated, glowing perfection immune to historical destiny remains remote as ever.

> The wet spark comes, the bright blown walls collapse,
> But what sad scapes we cannot turn from then:
> What ashen hills! what salted, shrunken lakes! . . .
> And how remote that bare and sun-scrubbed room,
> Intensely far, that padlocked cube of light. . . .

The spiritual dolor of "Dry-Point" comes not from the explicit meaning of its succession of evocative images, but from the character and arrangement of the images themselves. The abstract patterning here gathers the feeling for which Larkin strives in his lesser poems into its richest expression. He is able, thus, not only to speak sharply and springily about what he feels his predicament to be, but in poems like "Deceptions" and "Church Going" he hits a rather satisfying middle ground. The first, like Betjeman's "An Incident in the Early Life of Ebenezer Jones, Poet, 1828," is a gesture of keen sympathy toward the suffering of violated innocence. The second, which may be contrasted with Betjeman's propagandistic church pieces, is a moving consideration by the poet—merciless toward his own ignorance and incomplete commitments—of what churches mean to him. The British are generally better at this kind of contemplative verse-exposition than we are. It's their language, and they are well-trained at using it to be subtly lucid about things. They do not, it is true, have our knack, improvised under pressure, of beating hell out of, and passion into, the language by main force.

YET it is possible to belabor this point, and the insularity of current British poetic sensibility as well. Larkin's "Dry-Point" is one sign among several that younger British poets are not satisfied with their special brand of dead-end and are turning to American post-Imagist models as a means of reorienting their work. The poems of Charles Tomlinson go much further in this direction. Tomlinson is a sophisticated student of the French Symbolists and of Pound and Eliot, as his sequence "Antecedents: A Homage and Valediction" makes perfectly clear. He is also indebted to Stevens

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and, especially, to Marianne Moore. His remarkable precision and his gift for the implication of intense passion held in reserve are not to be denied. The affinity with Miss Moore is therefore quite natural, though poem after poem is marred by certain purse-lipped, almost prissy effects that really parody her work. Tomlinson has the same tone of grave shrewdness, the same trick of weaving quoted phrases into the body of his text, the same manner of marshaling images and observations toward a pithy conclusion, and the same voice of wise dismissal of his subject when the time is right:

> A quick gold, dyeing the uncovering beach
> With sunglaze. That which we were,
> Confronted by all that we are not,
> Grasps in subservience its replenishment. —"The Atlantic"
>
> The sea laps by the railroad tracks.
> To have admitted this also defines the sea.
> —"The Mediterranean"

I find this derivativeness of Tomlinson's extremely distracting, though he does his exercises so well that they are more than exercises. They are, in certain respects, a perfecting of the Imagist ideal though—good lord!—forty years late! A poem like "Paring the Apple" is uncanny in the delicate sureness of its swerving movement, deceptively delicate since its grasp on the physical action around which its meanings are implied is so firm—

> . . . . Paring it slowly,
> From under cool-yellow
> Cold-white emerging. And . . . ?
> The spring of concentric peel . . .
> The blade hidden, dividing. . . .

Sometimes the smotheringly depressive mood of young England comes through clearly, as in the dominant symbol of "Poem" (an upended tree that "gapes enmity from its hollowed core"), or in various pieces suggesting an attitude like Betjeman's toward the English landscape, the churches, the lost past. Tomlinson's virtuosity puts him in a special class, though there must be some doubt as to how much life there is in his art. His kind of perfectionism may feed too much on itself; one can't help wondering whether he will receive enough stimulus from the prevailing British *ethos* to break out of his present self-bondage and produce something vitally new.

Dreiser Hedged Out

LETTERS OF THEODORE DREISER. Edited by Robert H. Elias. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1,067 pp. 3 vols., boxed. $18.

Nelson Algren

"I DON'T want to search your pockets," a kindly Chicago police officer once admitted to a fellow who had just emerged from a perfectly innocent-looking alley—"I'm afraid of what I'd find."

Theodore Dreiser was a man whose pockets were best left unsearched. "So many Jews deliberately passing as Americans," he complained in a letter of 1933. "Germany in driving them forth acted without wisdom. A decent way would have been to negotiate. Why not every Jewish male [be] forced to marry a gentile and every Jewish famale [be] forced to marry a gentile male? Would not this solve this vexing problem?" Shaw once proposed this solution in irony, but Dreiser meant it.

He meant everything he said. That he should consider Russia at Stalingrad the keeper of man's hope is understandable; but that in 1941 he could write to Eleanor Roosevelt that England was no more democratic than Germany, was the lopsided thought of a lopsided man. He repudiated religion and yet had faith in revelations arranged by side-street spiritualists with séance rooms wired for sound. When he needed a lawyer he looked for a fortune-teller, which may have been a good move at that. Yet to judge the man by these letters would be as far off the point as to judge Charlie Chaplin, not on his comic genius, but by those occasional off-screen appearances as a grave pontifical ass.

Dreiser was willing to risk being wrong; and he had great wrong-looking juts to his character. He was a stiff-armer, an elbower who never gave ground outside his novels or in them. And though outside the books he could be so obtuse and unjust, inside them his passion for justice rang true. At the height of his success, when he had settled old scores and could easily have become the smiling public man, he chose instead to rip the whole fabric of American civilization straight down the middle, from its economy to its morality. It was the country that had to give ground.

His feeling for life everywhere was

NELSON ALGREN, author of A Walk on the Wild Side *frequently reviews books for* The Nation.

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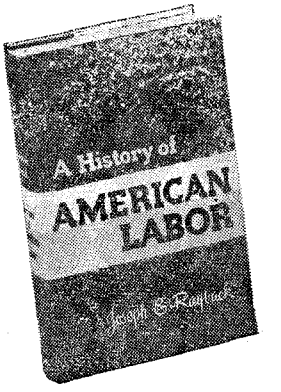

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direct, and it was his great good luck to have for a base that city which of all American cities is closest to the life of men everywhere. He loved Chicago's bitter slums, "those neighborhoods where, in small unpainted tumble-down shanties set in grasslands, can-strewn yards, drunk and lecherous slatterns and brawlers were . . . mooning in a hell of their own." When he was supposed to be looking for work he was only walking about amazed at "the art of the jumbled streets, the rancid alleys . . . the dirty river, with its dark, inscrutable waters: all moving, soothing, beautiful, rewarding."

BUT though you might argue for not collecting Dreiser's letters at all, you cannot (or at least I will not) argue for half-collecting them. Editors of the present selection have exercised such care in clearing their small plot of empty cans and cultivating their ground that one feels a growing apprehension lest Dreiser himself trample a hedge trying to get in. People get pinched for that sort of thing, and this hedge is expensively trimmed. In excluding such matter as fails directly to reveal "a point of view that shaped Dreiser's books," the first to get bounced, of course, are his love letters — apparently upon the assumption that a man whose emotional life was one of perpetual storm somehow kept his work moving on a windless sea. On what happened to Dreiser himself—that astonishing swing from adulation of those who drive the world to compassion for those who are driven—no light is thrown. Of the spiritual journey that took him from defense of a man like Cowperwood to defense of one like Clyde Griffiths, more understanding is offered in Maxwell Geismar's essay on Dreiser in his *Rebels and Ancestors* than is indicated here.

Here one only feels that the man's chill ashes have been boxed in an overpriced case, well guarded by Ph.Ds, faintly yielding the scent of embalming fluid.

To leave us at last alone with the creepy thought: "What did I spend eighteen dollars for?" In fact, where the hell *are* Dreiser's letters?

'Only the People'

THE HARMLESS PEOPLE. By Elizabeth Marshall Thomas. Alfred A. Knopf. 266 pp. $4.75.

Robert Hatch

THE KALAHARI DESERT is a barren plateau stretching 650 miles north and south and 400 east and west in South-West Africa and Bechuanaland. It is without rainfall ten months of the year and it will not support domestic herds or agriculture. This is the domain of the African Bushmen, a slight, gold-skinned, Mongolian-featured people who long predate the Negroes in South Africa. This enigmatic race, kin to the Hottentots, is culturally almost naked. The Bushman has no fixed abode, no tribal organization, no graphic art, no baskets or pottery, no history. He fears the spirits of the dead and knows a mischievous god whom for the most part he tries to avoid. In small family groups, Bushmen wander over the rolling arid plains, hunting antelope and springbok with poisoned arrows, digging for roots that hold moisture, lying at night in nests of grass, clad only in leather loincloths, aprons and capes in temperatures that regularly drop below freezing.

When the Bantu and the European farmers who live in the fertile lands surrounding the Kalahari need field labor, they drive out in their trucks and take the Bushmen. It is not a question of force — a Bushman cannot stand up to the loud, masterful farmer voices. He will hide, and he is adept at concealment, but if he is discovered he will climb sadly into the trucks. The Bushmen call themselves the *zhu twa si*, which Elizabeth Thomas translates as The Harmless People, but which, she explains, is more accurately "only the people" — as we would say "it is only the cat."

The gulf between these primitive nomads and such a people as ourselves might be thought so great as to be absolute. The glory of Mrs. Thomas' book is not only that it erases the gap, but that it throws the reader into excellent company. Like all great travel writers, and it is safe to say that she is a great one, Mrs. Thomas writes more of people than of places. She traveled with a party of scientists (her parents are anthropologists) but she is not one herself. She does not provide data; instead she offers incident and personality. I have not counted, but she recalls perhaps thirty or thirty-five men and women from several groups, ranging from young wives and their strong hunter husbands to tough, stringy grandfathers and bright-eyed, somewhat malicious old crones; and of course children and babies. It would be unfair to skim the delight off the book by describing its characters in detail. I shall only call attention to a few: Gai, the young, serious, competent head of a family group, who is also a powerful medicine man and capable of being seized with awe-inspiring, super-human frenzy; or Tu, wife of the great and modest hunter, Toma — a woman of elegance and strong domestic virtue who is a sadly bitter shrew in her yellow-eyed mood. Short Kwi was bitten by an adder and his leg died; his friends and relatives, legion over hundreds of square miles, brooded before their tiny night fires at the cruel luck of this man. Do savage nomads abandon their cripples? The Bushmen do not.

When an animal calls out in the dark night, the Bushman invariably answers; it seems only friendly, and it amuses him. But he does not speak back to the lion. One of the stars he calls the "firewood star," because when it has set he can calculate whether the fuel supply will last to morning. He sings "mood songs" — about hunger and luck, loneliness at the turn of a season, or his own shortcomings. Professional aviators astonish us by making a neighborhood of the world; the Bushmen do much the same thing with the Kalahari. A man will recall where he left a cracked ostrich egg two hundred miles away on the open prairie; someday when he is passing there he will pick it up. It will make a good bowl.

There are pictures in the book and you can see these people, but it is

There Is No Dew Tonight

There is no dew tonight.
The day was hot.
A solitary man walks down the street.
I hear his steps approach and fade away.
A man I do not know and shall not
meet,
yet wonder where he goes.

These steps must take him somewhere,
to a house where fear or love
may lie in wait for him.

Perhaps this man is lonely.
I don't care.
His shirt was white.
It soiled the spotless darkness
which I own.

There is no dew tonight.
I could say more.
But a compassion for the thirsting soil,
the arid earth of summer,
calls for silence.

There is no dew tonight.

ERIKA RENON

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through Mrs. Thomas that you meet them. The contact does not exist until it is made, friendship is given on the terms that it is offered. The life details of a people who have to save their urine, who eat ants as a delicacy (and who invariably insist on sharing their delicacies), who believe that a man may not sit where a woman has sat, can absorb the attention of a person put off by trifles. Mrs. Thomas never gives such matters more weight than the Bushmen themselves place on them; her attitude is affectionate, respectful, amused, unassuming and intensely involved. The Bushmen loved her.

THE litheness of these people is astonishing; is it a matter of selection? There are now some thirty to fifty thousand Bushmen, surviving descendents of a much larger race that was pushed out into the desert by the enterprising Bantu. Presumably they were never aggressive (they liken themselves, with frank irony, to the tricky jackal), and today the idea of conflict or advantage seems completely absent from them. Instead they are resilient, ingenious, observant, gentle, quick of wit and limb, sympathetic, generous and somewhat touchy in a wry fashion. With them, these are not the marks of cultivated social behavior; they are the devices by which they survive naked in a hard world. In short, they are a people of grave but mercurial intelligence, balanced deftly on the finest thread of subsistence. They would have delighted Gulliver himself had he found his way to them.

Mrs. Thomas' language is a direct and vivid prose that moves quite unpretentiously at times into a strongly-phrased lyricism. That is not much of a description, but perhaps a closing quotation will make clear the quality:

> Twikwe and Tsetchwe sat side by side, their legs straight out in front of them, the soles of their feet lit by the fire. They sang gaily and clapped their hands while the baby Nhwakwe walked up and down on Tsetchwe's leg, balancing himself like a child who is walking on a railing, then climbed to her shoulder and stood there triumphantly without holding on, gazing around like a child on a hill. He looked utterly astonished when Tsetchwe suddenly swept him to the ground and, flinging off her cape, jumped to her feet and began to dance. Everyone was astonished. Women almost never dance, though they are quite welcome to, but least of all Tsetchwe, a very conscientious mother and wife.
>
> . . . She sang and waved her arms with great abandon, and danced her gay dance right behind the men, just for once flinging motherhood to the four winds and dancing right over her baby, who came trotting sadly after her. . . . When Tsetchwe finally got tired and flung herself down on the ground he ran to her and nursed immediately to reassure himself. She held him loosely in one arm as she coughed from exertion and laughed, with a pleased, shy expression on her face that said: this is what I used to do when I was younger.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London

THE THREE successful plays I went to see on my arrival here seem to me to represent three aspects of the English theatre today.

One is Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*. This first play — Miss Delaney is 19 — is one of the very few in which the English streets are heard to speak. Though there were realistic plays in England during the days preceding the First World War, they were middle-class plays and, more often than not, upper middle-class. During the twenties and even the thirties — when plays like *Love on the Dole* were presented— the realistic middle-class plays were given a polished stylization in which Somerset Maugham and Noel Coward seeemed to have been crossed to make the milieu resemble a charade depicting royalty in *déshabille*.

A Taste of Honey smells of the squalor of Lancashire's industrial towns. It is nevertheless a poetic play because Miss Delaney has a feeling for her characters and a remarkably lively sense of dialogue which is at once pungently theatrical and authentic. She does not sermonize or sentimentalize. Her characters — the mother who is a tart, her illegitimate daughter of seventeen, the Negro, a male nurse in the navy, who becomes the young girl's lover, the homosexual art

HAROLD CLURMAN is now in London for several weeks as guest theatre critic for The Observer.

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student from the town's slums who cares for the young girl when she becomes pregnant — are all seen as people of their environment and as people in broader context: the context of common humanity in which, for all the disparities of education, station, or experience, we remain far more alike than we are different.

There is a detachment in the author's approach which is not callousness but the acceptance which rises from a shared experience. Thus the play has no "point" (that is, intellectual bias), but it strikes me as possessing more social significance, because more truth, than it would if it were demonstrating a specific moral idea.

A Taste of Honey is what we used to call a slice of life — its "story" has no ending — with emphasis on the toughness and tenderness of the life rather than on the grossness of the "slice." Such plays represent only a beginning, but a beginning in a vein which may revitalize the chalk garden of the English theatre.

The acting is excellent. The play has been directed by Joan Littlewood, the intrepid young woman whose Theatre Workshop, an organization which has functioned for some years in a working-class district far from London's theatrical center, gave *A Taste of Honey* its first performances. The production shows signs of Brecht's influence, that is to say, Miss Littlewood uses certain of Brecht's devices with a purpose that is not exactly Brechtian.

Though essentially a realistic play, *A Taste of Honey* is given a sort of vaudeville treatment as if the story were part of the jazz world; indeed, jazz music accompanies several of the scenes. The tempo is breathless, actors frequently address the audience, or seem to, and they periodically break into dance steps. For the most part, I found the result effective: it appeared to give the play a certain lightness or effervescence which is probably not inconsistent with the author's brand of impersonality. Still, I could not help wondering what a more traditional realism in direction might do for the play. There is no way of telling unless someone as gifted as Miss Littlewood were to try. This conjecture is made because, as I shall have reason to emphasize later, we all ought to be clear that there is no virtue in the Brecht or any other technique by itself. The novel, the modern, the experimental, the *avant-garde* are all child's play when they are not part of a true content.

FIVE FINGER EXERCISE by Peter Shaffer is also a first play. It introduces an author who combines the new material of the English theatre with an old mode of statement.

The new material is the sense of impasse in the middle-class family. Father is an ordinary Philistine furniture manufacturer who sees life in terms of solid earnings, small comforts, pub pleasures and homey rewards. Mother, more pretentious, employs her smattering of culture as a club of contempt to bludgeon her husband while she smothers and unmans her son in sugary indulgence. The result is alienation on all sides. The only ones who stand clear of the muddle are a precocious baby daughter who seems free of everything but her charm, and a young German in flight from an ex-Nazi father. The presence of the foreigner brings about a painful explosion of consciousness on everyone's part that nearly makes him its victim.

The play is technically adept — glib, in fact — as if the author were training to emulate Terence Rattigan. Pleasant humors and quips make it agreeable to a West End audience, and its neat explanations of everyone's troubles, its symmetry of plotting, its eloquent but self-conscious editorializing place it in a theatrical category much more conventional than its premise would lead one to expect. The inner turbulence of the young generation is made somehow to echo the complacent moderation of the old. Just so Pinero years ago domesticated Ibsen for the English.

Irma la Douce is a musical comedy (European style) adapted from a great Parisian hit. It is a raffish fable which deals with a cocotte and her poor student boy friend who, to prevent his girl from continuing her pavement industry, becomes his own rival by disguising himself as a bourgeois sufficiently well-heeled to support the girl. (He gets a paying job to make the disguise work.) The student becomes jealous of his bourgeois *alter ego* and determines to kill him. He is tried for murder, he is condemned, he escapes, etc., etc.

The score is from the bottom of the barrel, the lyrics are sometimes witty but rarely memorable. What makes the show function successfully is the brilliant invention of Peter Brook's direction. There is no question that Brook's theatrical talent and a capacity to devise stage business of any sort — plus a highly developed visual sense — are surpassed by no American director and equaled by very few. Yet I came away from the show with the sense of having experienced nothing at all.

That is the danger which lurks in

The Wall

(From the Italian of Salvatore Quasimodo)

Contro di te alzano un muro
in silenzio, pietra e calce pietra e odio....

They are building a wall around you
in silence, stone and lime, stone and hate;
every day from a higher level
they drop the plumb line to the ground. The masons
all look alike, bull-necked, sinister,
the stereotyped image of the criminal.
On the wall slogans are painted for the education
of the citizens, and if the rain washes
the letters out, they write them in again,
larger and blacker than before.
Loudspeakers reiterate that alphabet.
From time to time someone trips and plunges
from the scaffolding and before he is cold
another takes his place. They do not
wear blue coveralls but only little
leather aprons like the Egyptian slaves,
and they talk an allusive jargon.
The wall is high, all rock.
Scorpions breed in the crevices,
and magpies grow fat on the beetles.
Long black grasses hang in the air.
On one horizon, the dark and vertical defense
blots out the noons of the earth,
although it does not hide the sky.
Beyond this fortress, beyond the studded gate of skin
and the animal voice of the primitive horn,
you will not beg for mercy or plead confusion.

HAROLD ENRICO

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the masterful virtuosity which several English theatre men now command. They are consummate technicians — and this professional skill is not to be lightly dismissed — but their craftsmanship rarely becomes creation. Creativity is present when the subject matter of an artistic endeavor is so treated that a quality of substantial human force or value emerges. Without such creation — born when the craftsman is in love with something in his material beyond his own egotistic pleasure in exploiting it — virtuosity tends to destroy itself and to nullify the life it is presumed to reveal. That is why I trust that such talented directors as Joan Littlewood, in their cry for "good theatre" as opposed to phony art, will never forget that the validity of any style, method or language in the arts stems from the livingness and pertinence of what one has to say.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

LAST WEEK, in writing about the New York City Opera Company's season of American works, I said that continuity is critical to the formation of any art movement. That seems self-evident, and yet, in the actual functioning of American artistic life, continuity is the happy exception to the rule. For every project which lives into its seventh year, a hundred die in infancy. And the reason is usually the same—failure of discerning and continuous financial support. Not only new, relatively unproven movements or institutions find it hard to maintain themselves. Even after decades of artistic contribution to their communities, many symphony orchestras have to conduct yearly begging campaigns. But the young institutions are the ones most sensitive to flagging interest on the part of their supporters.

I mention this because the astounding success which Julius Rudel and the New York City Opera Company are having in their efforts to establish an American repertory opera theatre is in large part made possible by the Ford Foundation. This has been one of the Foundation's most enlightened contributions to American cultural life, and I hope that its directors will not decide too soon that their work is done.

No one who has followed the City Center undertaking can fail to be amazed that, in only two seasons, each of them a mere six weeks long, any company could arrive at such a level of stable competence, stylistic authority and sophistication. Every performance I attended this season represented an advance in aesthetic and technical security over last year's productions. One could almost smell the freshness of creative vigor in the City Center air. The stage directors whom Mr. Rudel enticed from Broadway and off-Broadway went at their work with sleeves rolled up, some of them a little open-eyed at the new problems they encountered (for instance, of moving singing choruses in the dark, where they can't see the conductor), and all of them aware that they were putting on productions in three weeks of rehearsal time which Broadway wouldn't have attempted in six. The house was full, it seemed, most of the time. And, on the last evening I attended, when Hugo Weisgall's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* was performed, I even heard *bravi* coming out of some stentorian throats on the first floor. When that happens, American opera must be arriving. Even at the Metropolitan, for *Tosca,* I never hear more than *brava!*

THE most successful large-scale operas to enter the City Center repertory this season were Robert Ward's *He Who Gets Slapped,* from the play by Leonid Andreyev (libretto by Bernard Stambler), and Hugo Weisgall's *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* from the Pirandello play (libretto by Denis Johnston). The Ward opera, which was given for the first time at the Juilliard School of Music about three years ago, under the title *Pantaloon,* turned out to be, for me, something of a sneaker. The author is a firmly established young composer, known for the smoothness of his craftsmanship and an amiable musical disposition. But now it appears that he is not only an abstract musician of quality, but one blessed with a sense of theatre as well. Without introducing any particularly ironic-sounding musical materials or, indeed, anything more revolutionary than a constant flow of good melody, harmony and rhythm, he conveyed in the first two acts a disturbing sense that life behind the scenes of a small, Parisian circus—and on the outside as well—was a sick morass of bitterness, heading inevitably toward an ugly tragedy. This mood he maintained so successfully that I found myself, during the intermission, impatient for the next part to begin. In act three, however, the opera faltered. In the original play the protagonist ends by killing himself, but Ward and Stambler side-stepped this situation and allowed him to make a conventional

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"the charade is over" exit. Considering the doom-filled atmosphere which had penetrated the first two acts, this was less than convincing. And, for one reason or another, the composer's sense of stylistic appropriateness faltered in this same act, giving us some music for a play-within-a-play that came too close to Gilbert and Sullivan for comfort, and a tango which, for lack of proper dramatic explanation, seemed inappropriate. It is my feeling that this third act should be reconsidered by both the composer and the librettist. If it could be made to carry on the dramatic intensity established by the other acts, they would have a bombshell on their hands.

The cast and direction of *He Who Gets Slapped* was admirable. Regina Sarfaty sang a fierce Zinida, the female lion-tamer; Lee Venora, as Consuelo, was winsome; Norman Kelley was detestable and amusing by turns as Count Mancini. On opening night, the principal character, Pantaloon, was sung by David Atkinson. He had some difficulties in remembering the text toward the end of the evening, but was otherwise quite satisfactory. Michael Pollock's staging was deft and colorful, including some of the prettiest clowning and miming I've seen in ages. Emerson Buckley presided smoothly in the pit.

HUGO WEISGALL's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* is the most ambitious and technically difficult work the New York City Opera Company has ever produced. Remembering the play, and considering the extremely difficult performance problems it poses even in its spoken version, I find it astonishing than any composer could have handled it even adequately. Weisgall did much more than that. With the help of an extraordinarily skillful libretto adaptation, he mounted a musical drama that functioned perfectly throughout every complex situation. The various "realities"—those of the six characters as individuals and as a group, and those of the actors (who are, in this case, shown as members of an opera company)—are all kept in clear-cut juxtaposition, fluently dissecting the philosophical problem, and doing so with the help of handsome music.

Weisgall's style does not fall easily into a pigeonhole. Its general quality is somber, and the music might even, at certain points, be considered "advanced." At the same time, the orchestra gives forth with many passages that appeal to the ear in an almost coloristic manner. This does not imply a leaping from style to style. More likely than not, when the orchestra is adding high color, the voices will be given a rather severe counterpoint, so that a balance between "soft" and "hard" elements is maintained. It is a distinguished style, and an extremely flexible medium for operatic composition.

As I mentioned above, however, Weisgall's music is more than a little difficult, and even at the second performance, choruses were sounding a bit insecure. The principals, on the other hand, sang with complete authority, and acted splendidly as well. Ernest McChesney carried the central role of the Director; the Characters were sung by Paul Ukena, Robert Trehy, Adelaide Bishop, Patricia Neway, Ruth Kobart, Marc Sullivan and Barbara Becker. William Ball's stage direction was exemplary. Sylvan Levin, conducting in a sports shirt as part of the opera's illusion of rehearsal informality, kept things in good order.

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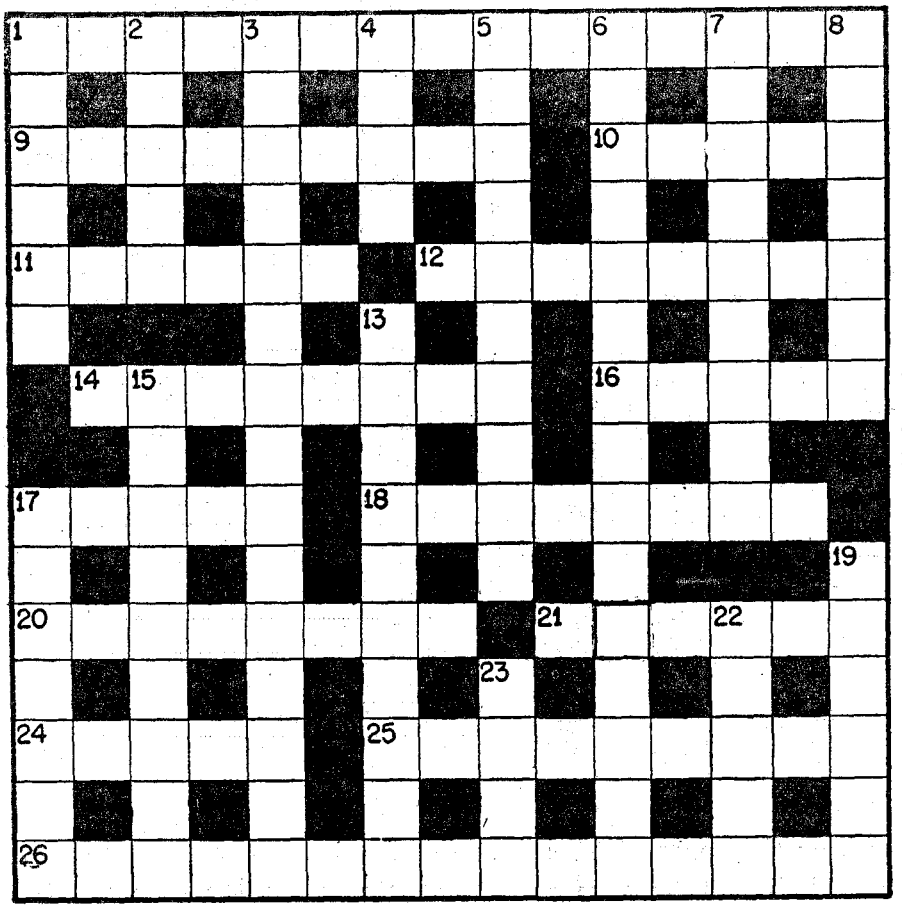

ACROSS:

1 France and China's habitants. (6, 9)
9 To let another country try what we have? (9)
10 and 11 Malls of copper and silver, perhaps. (5, 6)
12 The city type might prefer green belts. (8)
14 What a body sometimes does when tired of sitting? (8)
16 A time to turn back for the battlefield? (5)
17 Tales told by the inventor? (5)
18 Are such pleasures uncommonly slighted? (8)
20 Loaf here, perhaps. (The Padre is wrong in prohibition of it.) (5, 3)
21 Used to foil a worker with pickets, perhaps. (6)
24 A factor one found in Switzerland and France? (5)
25 In turn, they show the extent of travel. (9)
26 Any parts suggested by them are not real! (Changes the clue as well!) (15)

DOWN:

1 Forces its back to the wall, perhaps. (6)
2 Is 9 tied in a knot with this in addition? (5)
3 Responsible for the following correspondence: "S. S. Dread". (6, 2, 7)
4 Where losers sometimes take it. (4)
5 What might be associated with the sewers ends in secret, and without purpose. (10)
6 Of itself, it might leave the element standing. (15)
7 A low-down story of degradation? (9)
8 This sort of aisle is not far from a now-remodeled corridor. (7)
13 Was Auber's work relatively satanic? (3, 7)
15 Did the green-eyed monster kill men so dead? (9)
17 Drum stand. (7)
19 Are they equivalent to the sort of thing journeys end in, according to Shakespeare? (6)
22 Is the company in the red? The belief seems to be just the opposite. (5)
23 The shape of 26. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 819

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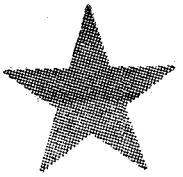

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Reproduced above is an extract from that part of *The Nation's* 1958 index which appears under the heading, "Labor." The first item refers to an imaginative — and disturbing — projection of the effects of automation by the British scientist-philosopher, J. Bronowski; the last is a notation on an editorial introduction to a two-part article, by Harvey Swados, which recently won a Sidney Hillman Foundation Award. In between are listed a series of solid, timely pieces on all aspects of the labor problem by men who never permit their sympathies for the worker to get in the way of the facts. If you are interested in Labor, you are interested in *The Nation.*

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